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THE NAVAL APPRENTICE SYSTEM.

As the navy will in future constitute the strong arm of our military power, it is of the first importance that the system for training its seamen should be as perfect as possible. It is not enough that we have at Annapolis an excellent school of instruction even under Admiral PORTER's supervision. Our best men in the army and navy are usually those who have developed their efficiency rather in the practice than in the merely theoretical study of their profession.

The need of a naval apprentice system, which had been on trial in our service, and failed, owing to a variety of causes, made itself apparent at the commencement of the rebellion. The scarcity of naval seamen, men who were conversant with the routine and duties of men-of-war, gave the department much anxiety, and caused considerable delay in fitting out vessels for the pressing and important demands of that time. It is true the Government has for many years been paying large bounties to fishermen off our northeastern coast; but experience has already proved that these fishermen, though the best material out of which a navy can be made, are not always ready to respond to the calls which may be made upon their services. England has her apprentice system; but in this country it has met with but little approval.

Our apprentice system was formally inaugurated by an act of Congress, dated March 2, 1837, but after many disappointments it was abandoned in 1843, and was not revived until 1864. In May of last year the *Sabine* was ordered to be put in commission as a practice and school ship for naval apprentices, under the command of Lieutenant-Commander R. B. LOWRY, United States Navy, who was specially selected by the Navy Department for the very important and arduous duty of organizing and establishing on a firm basis the nucleus from which the future rank and file of the navy was to emanate, and in such a form as not only to be reliable at all times, but of a character which would place our vessels upon an equal, if not make them superior to those of any naval power. Owing to the piratical visit of the *Tallahassee* and other rebel craft the *Sabine* was sent to the eastern coast to protect our commerce and fishing interests, and her services were considered so valuable in that section the people of Portland induced the Navy Department to retain her at that port until the danger which threatened them was past; so that it was not until October, 1864, that Commander LOWRY was enabled to fairly enter upon the organization of this important system. During her stay, however, about one hundred and thirty boys were enlisted as apprentices.

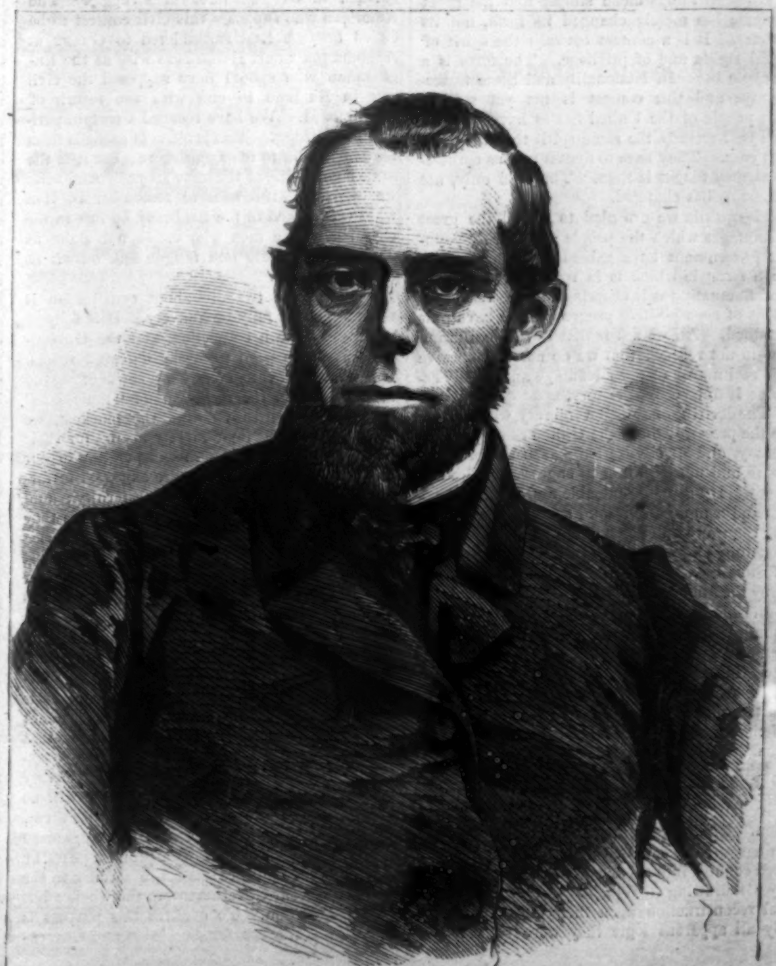
The first boy enlisted as a naval apprentice under the new organization, was E. CONLEDGE HARRINGTON, of Roxbury, Massachusetts, aged fifteen years and six months. He is now on board, and is one of the most promising boys in the ship. There are now over two hundred boys on board the *Sabine*. The conditions of enlistment are strict as to character, and it is required that the age be not under fourteen nor over eighteen. At fourteen they must measure not less than four feet eight inches in height, and twenty-seven inches around the chest; at fifteen years their height must be four feet ten inches, and twenty-nine inches around the chest. Each candidate must be able to read, write, and spell; be free from physical disabilities, well-grown, healthy, active, and exhibit an aptitude for the ocean and the duties of sea-life.

After passing the examination before the surgeon and instructors, the paymaster furnishes the apprentice for immediate use with the following articles of clothing: One pea-jacket, cloth cap, pair of cloth trowsers, flannel over and under shirts, pair of drawers, shoes, neck-tie, socks, white duck pants and frock, comb, knife, pot, pan, and spoon, one bar soap, clothes-bag, and a badge. The boy is then taken to the ship's corporal, who assists him in the transformation from a landsman to a sailor-boy. Next the sailmaker furnishes him with a hammock—his bed until of age. Then the master-at-arms places him in a mess, and, at the same time, gives him a printed form, on which is registered his *number*, that of his bag and hammock, a list of his clothing, and points out the place where he is to swing his hammock. Each boy has a number given to him when he enlists, and he retains *that* number as long as he is an apprentice.

A tailor is allowed for every hundred boys. They

EMMA, QUEEN DOWAGER OF HAWAII.—[SEE PAGE 518.]

BREVET MAJOR-GENERAL NATHANIEL A. MILES.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 518.]



ELISHA KINGSLAND, CHIEF ENGINEER OF THE N. Y. FIRE DEPARTMENT.—[PHOT. BY LOUD.]

have also their shoemaker, and on the starboard side of the vessel there is a barber-shop and a bath-room. The Rev. Mr. SALTER is chaplain of the ship, and divine services are held every Sabbath. There is belonging to the ship an excellent library of about 1000 volumes judiciously selected.

Some of the prominent features of the boys' life on board ship we illustrate on pages 520 and 521. Let us take a single day's experience on board as an example of the workings of the system.

At daylight all the apprentices are turned out of their hammocks, which are stored in the nettings. The decks are washed down, and at 7 o'clock the boys are sent over the mast-head to familiarize them with that duty. At 7.30 breakfast is served; twenty minutes are allowed for the meal. At 9 o'clock all hands are ready to begin the exercises of the day. At 9.30 all hands go to quarters for inspection, after which the usual exercises are carried on till ½ past 10. At 11 o'clock drill ceases, and at noon dinner is served. At 1 o'clock the boys are again sent over the mast-heads. This occupies about a quarter of an hour in all its details. At ¼ to 3 school begins and is dismissed at 4.20. At 5 supper is served; at 6 the boys again run over the mast-heads. From 6.30 to 7 they are exercised in boating, battalion drills, or in reefing, furling, and loosing sail. After these exercises, recreation is indulged in; at 9 the signal is given to return to their hammocks, and at 9.30 P.M. "silence" is ordered.

In the routine exercises the boys are taught to handle yards and sails, to use the lead and compass, they are drilled in artillery and sword and rifle practice, and in the common English branches of a school education. The moral restraints are only so stringent as is necessary to preserve good character and discipline. No tobacco or spirits are allowed, and the greatest stress is laid upon cleanliness. The food furnished the boys is of the best quality and sufficient in quantity.

Occasional cruises at sea give variety to the life, and increase the interest of all; and hereafter a certain number, varying to the rate of the vessel, will be sent out on all our cruises. In this way these apprentices will be at once ingrafted into regular man-of-war life, and establish a demand for their services. Already one hundred and eighteen have been sent away, and are reported a valuable acquisition to the ships upon which they have been placed. The department requires some three or four thousand naval apprentices, and is making arrangements for their introduction into the navy.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1865.

THE GREAT STRUGGLE.

WHEN Governor HOLDEN, Provisional Governor of the United States for the State of North Carolina, says that he does not think Union men will be "punished" in that State, what does such an extraordinary expression mean? When the Northern allies of the late rebels declare that, having laid down their arms, every State lately in rebellion has as good a right to send representatives to Congress without condition or inquiry as the loyal States—what do they mean? What does the total absence in the rebel States of any disposition but that of sullen acquiescence signify?

All such things mean simply that the great struggle has merely changed its form, not its essence. It is a contest between the spirit of equal rights and of privilege. The form is a struggle between Nationality and State Sovereignty; and this contest is not yet settled. The people of the United States have to meet this year exactly the same spirit that they met last year. They have to fight it now as earnestly as they fought it then. The field only, not the fight, has changed.

Meanwhile we are glad to record the great advantages which the people and a truly popular government have gained over the enemy. In a struggle which is in its very nature long and fluctuating it is cheering to have reached a point of such positive progress as we have now attained. All we ask is that in our exultation we do not recede: that we do not misconceive the real nature of our advantage and fatally assume it to be a final victory.

The doctrine of State Sovereignty, which would be the present ruin of the United States, of civil liberty, and of civilization, has been for thirty years and more aiming to engross the Government. It has had more able and resolute leaders and a more stupid and superstitious following than any other policy in our history. The ingenuity and persistence with which this dogma of State Sovereignty attacked and sought to destroy the fundamental principles of the National Government give our political history its profoundest interest. This dogma was pure reaction. It was the protest of aristocracy and the Middle Ages against democracy and a new era. And the struggle was so skillfully conducted that at length the peaceable overthrow of the Union seemed to be a foregone conclusion.

The State Sovereignty leaders, making the discussion of slavery their excuse, felt themselves strong enough in 1860 to force a conclusion. They were sure they could do one of two things. They could either terrify the demoralized country into submission to their terms—or by withdrawing from the Union they could compel reconstruction upon their own conditions. By all apparent logic they were right. The condition of the country seemed to justify their conclusion. The doom of the Union was sealed in the estimation of the shrewdest observers.

But great criminals never allow for moral causes. Accustomed to believe men to be governed by the basest selfishness, they found all their calculations upon meanness and cowardice and habit, forgetting those extraordinary impulses which are to nations what the inspirations of mortal peril are to individuals. Counting only upon the tame servility of a controlling majority of the country as it had been revealed in the conduct of such men as ISAAC TOUCEY, JAMES BUCHANAN, FRANKLIN PIERCE, WILLIAM B. REED, VALLANDIGHAM, and the WOODS, with the party of which they were leaders, and upon the tone of the press of the same party—relying further and confidently upon the position taken by the New York *Tribune*, the recognized organ of the radical section of the Republican party, from which alone opposition was to be feared, and upon the plain terror of the conservative section of the Republicans, as displayed by the Albany *Evening Journal*, the State Sovereignty leaders were perfectly sure of their success, and with appalling reason. Drunk and defiant they fired. The shot scattered the cloud which had obscured the heart of the nation from itself and from the world. It saw in the flash of the gun all the fearful consequences of yielding. It felt such a lifting of noble emotion as this generation had not known. The unexpected and incalculable love of country appeared like the long-hidden regicide to the villagers in the savage skirmish in the Connecticut Valley, and led a nation to victory.

The State Sovereignty leaders made a fearful mistake, and they now see it. They now see that they foolishly abandoned the method by which alone they could hope for success. And what do they now propose? To return to that method; to continue the effort; to retrieve the disasters of battle by the force of the ballot. Sore and raging with defeat, they intend, if they can, to enter Congress "stanch and true Southern men," and to resume the work within the Union which they suspended in 1860–'61 in their attempt to break out of it.

That they are in the least changed in political opinion nobody is fool-hardy enough to contend. They are only scoured by the total failure of the war. That they are weakened is true; but their prestige at home is not lost, and a large party in the country is ready to unite with them in their policy as they agree with them in political views. And the exact point of danger is this: Emancipation will give to the Congressional representation of the eleven rebel States in the year 1870 an increase of nineteen members. Let these be elected by the late rebels in those States, and they will need only twenty-eight members from the rest of the country to place the Government of the United States in the hands of its bitterest enemies. The State of New York alone could supply those members.

This is a very plain and simple purpose. The long training and cherished tradition of an ignorant people whose passions are inflamed by skillful and designing leaders are not extinguished in one unsuccessful struggle. The American who supposes this civil contest to be ended because LEE surrendered to GRANT at Appomattox Court House is as wise as the Englishman who should have supposed the civil war in England to end with the return of CHARLES II. We have reached a certain period in the struggle—that is all. It ascends from the battle-field to the Legislature; but it is the same combat and of the same scope. And what we beg thoughtful men to remember is, that what was gained in the field may be lost in the chamber. The men who could not shoot us down may wheedle and fatigue and outwit us into submission.

The amiable twaddle about conciliation is therefore either folly or knavery. It is folly if it springs from a conviction that the Government is in no peril from the defeated rebels. It is knavery if it be merely a renewal of the old tactics. When the intentions of "the South"—speaking politically—were the blackest, we heard the most of their merely asking for their rights and of the Northern exasperation of our Southern brethren. We were exhorted to forbearance, to conciliation, to fraternity; and while we were taught to relax our hands they clutched our throats. Is it wise to be twice snared in the same trap?

For ourselves we have no wish to sneer or exult—certainly none to misrepresent. But as we believe much of the guilt of the war rests upon those who prevaricated and cajoled instead of speaking plainly, we hope to avoid any similar responsibility in the future. This paper circulates widely in the late rebel region. It is read by many who do not love the Government or the Union. We say to them frankly that the people of the country have, in our judgment, paid too costly a price for their victory to surrender it easily. We believe it will be found that Congress, freshly representing them, is resolved that no State shall be reorganized except upon conditions which promise peace by intrusting the political power, according to the principle of our Government, to the whole adult male population. To confirm this purpose is our aim. We are for the Union and Government of the United States. We supported them against the arms of their enemies in war. We shall support them against the wiles of their enemies in peace. We have no wish to conciliate those enemies. We hope to conquer them fairly and forever, whether at the cannon's mouth or the ballot-box.

WHAT WE OWE.

GRIM Mr. VANDYKE sits in his luxurious room in the marble building on the corner of Wall and Nassau, and grins at the brokers whom he sees through his plate-glass windows eagerly "shinning" for money at seven per cent. at mid-day, under a blazing sun and in a temperature of 92° in the shade. For Mr. VANDYKE is the man who goes to bed with an idle balance of nearly forty millions in greenbacks—nearly as much as is held by all the banks in New York put together. If you should say to Mr. VANDYKE, "Good Mr. VANDYKE, why pile up so much money uselessly in your Treasury? Why not let it rest where it was, in places where it could be loaned to people who borrow, until you want it, or, at all events, until the dog-days are over, and one can run about without danger of sun-stroke?" that grim functionary would overwhelm you on the spot with an account of his liabilities, of the amounts of money placed to the credit of disbursing officers, of the sum due for interest on Seven-Thirty Treasury notes, of the million of debt-certificates which mature every day in these times; and at the end would almost convince you that, instead of being the modern Miser, who crouches over his hoard, he is in fact the Great Pauper of the age.

And it is well he has so good a case to show. For, on the face of it, it rather looked as though Mr. Secretary M'CULLOCH and his familiar, the grim VANDYKE, had once more undertaken to regulate prices after the CHASE method. For some time before this accumulation in the Sub-treasury at this point mysterious rumors had been afloat touching an intended raid by the Government on the unfortunate class of men known as gold-gamblers. It was known that Government was selling gold—wisely or unwisely; and it was noticed that as soon as the Government broker withdrew from the market the price usually advanced. In April, 1864, a few millions of gold sold by Government caused a monetary crisis; in July, 1865, sales of larger amounts neither reduced the value of gold nor enhanced the price of money. When, therefore, it was remarked that copious supplies of Government gold did not seem to check the demand, and that immediately after these sales the Sub-treasury at this point began to call in money from the national banks many days and even weeks before the money was needed, the inference was natural that it was the purpose of the Treasury Department to try to reduce the premium by tightening the money market, and so embarrassing speculators who were carrying gold on margins.

The scheme—if any such scheme there were—was defeated, as any well-informed person must have foreseen at the outset, by the instant depreciation of United States securities. There are in the hands of individuals and corporations in this country not less than $825,000,000 of Seven-Thirty notes. A large proportion of these notes were taken on speculation, and are being carried by banks on small margins. Another large amount was paid out in the first two weeks of April last to contractors, on the condition that they should be held out of the market for four months. Mr. VANDYKE's accumulation of money was just coincident in time with the expiration of the four months; and these notes coming into the market for sale just at a time when needy banks were realizing on the like security to raise money, they fell 1½ per cent. in a day, and would have fallen very much more, if Mr. JAY COOKE's friends had not stepped forward to protect them, for their own interests, and induced Mr. VANDYKE to disgorge some of his idle greenbacks.

A popular impression now prevails that peace has been restored throughout this country. If this impression be well founded there can be no good reason for persisting in methods of finance which, though perhaps justified by necessity in the agony of the war, are clearly at variance with sound economy. It is clearly no part of the business of the Secretary of the Treasury to regulate prices—even the price of gold. Gold is at a premium because there are $684,000,000 of legal tenders, $165,000,000 of national bank-notes (practically a legal tender), and $120,000,000 of State bank-notes in circulation as money—in all $969,000,000 of paper-money; and because the Treasury Department is issuing, even now, nearly a million of dollars each working day, more paper-money, in national bank-notes and compound legal tenders. So long as those issues continue, gold will stay at a premium, and will rather rise than fall, and fitful efforts to bring down the premium by tampering with the money market or selling odd lots of gold will only aggravate the case. When the time comes at which the receipts of the Treasury Department are in excess of its wants, the currency may be retired, canceled, or funded, and then the premium of gold will fall in spite of all the speculators in Christendom. Till then, would it not be best for the Secretary of the Treasury to let the Bears in gold take care of the Bulls, and *vice versa*?

The Treasury statement of 1st August is quite satisfactory—more so, in general, than was expected. The increase in the public debt since 1st June was $122,047,524—about $2,000,000 a day. The total debt on 1st August was $2,757,253,275. The following table will show the principal items:

Plain legal tenders	$433,160,569
Interest-bearing legal tenders	252,075,700
Twenty year six per cents, interest in coin	302,301,041
Five-Twenties six per cents, interest in coin	606,569,500
Ten-Forties five per cents, interest in coin	172,770,100
Seven-Thirty notes, interest in currency	830,000,000
Debt certificates	106,706,000
Fractional currency	26,750,632

Besides this the Government owes about $99,000,000 to the banks, who can demand payment of the whole sum on call after ten days' notice. Sound financiers object to this indebtedness, on the ground that it exposes the Government to be placed in a position of embarrassment whenever, through the vicissitudes of trade, the banks become straitened and require money. If, for instance, just now, the banks chose to call upon the Treasury for repayment of this sum, as they have the legal right to do, the call could not be met, and the Treasury would go to protest. Of course there is no likelihood of any thing of the kind. The banks are as deeply interested in maintaining the credit of the Government as Mr. M'CULLOCH himself. But now that the war is over, and we should be getting our house in order for a sound, safe, peace-administration of the finances, these temporary loans involve a danger to which Government ought not to be exposed.

The interest charge on the public debt on the 1st August was just $149,262,467, of which $64,521,837 was payable in coin, and $74,740,630 in currency. This is probably quite as large as, if not larger than, the average interest charge will be a few years hence. For though, when all the legal tenders and fractional currency are funded, and the excess of expenditure over income this year and next is added to the funded debt, a sum of probably $700,000,000 will have to be added to the interest bearing debt, and a sum of not less than $40,000,000 to the annual interest charge, swelling it to $190,000,000; yet still, as soon as we begin to see daylight in our finances, national bonds bearing four per cent. interest will probably sell at par, and within a few years the Seven-Thirties, Ten-Forties, Five-Twenties, etc., will be exchanged for such bonds. At four per cent. the annual interest charge on a debt of $3,400,000,000 would only be $136,000,000, say $5 20 per head on a population of 30,000,000, which is not much more than the people of the British Isles pay at present.

People generally do not seem to agree with Mr. JAY COOKE that the national debt is a blessing. Indeed the argument that, if it is a blessing, the more of it the better, is a pretty conclusive *reductio ad absurdum*. The art of prospering by running in debt has been so admirably described in the history of Colonel RAWDON CRAWLEY that there seems nothing to be added to the description. He prospered certainly; but poor RAGGLES was "*ruinged*." Now this country does not mean to "ruing" its RAGGLES. We propose to pay our debts in full, to the last dollar, principal and interest. But to do this we must have sound and careful management of the finances at Washington, and some decent respect paid to the elementary principles of political economy.

THE ENGLISH ELECTIONS.

THE English elections are over. The Liberal party has gained several members of Parliament, and Mr. DISRAELI, the Tory chief, has been engaged in showing that it is not much of a shower after all. But if those members had been retained or gained by the Tories, possibly the clever Mr. DISRAELI would have considered it a signal Tory triumph. Mr. DISRAELI's political career has been a mistake.

One circumstance is remarkable. The English election, held in a time of profound peace, was distinguished for more rioting and bloodshed and trouble than our election in the midst of an engrossing civil war. At Sheffield, Chippenham, Carlisle, Cheltenham, Nottingham, and elsewhere, the disturbances were very serious. The mobs were especially "ruffianly." Large quantities of property were destroyed, people were beaten, and lives were lost. In many places the candidates were prevented from speaking. "Does it become us to sneer at America?" asks the London *Star*.

Our interest, as Americans, in the English elections springs from our sympathy with the great Liberal party, and from the probability of the feeling of the new Government toward this country. The old party lines are much obliterated at present in England. The political leaders, excepting JOHN BRIGHT and his especial school, seem to be divided into Conservative Liberals and Liberal Conservatives. The chief purpose of political action is, apparently, to maintain the *statu quo*. Thus one of the points made by Mr. DISRAELI against Mr. GLADSTONE, the Chancellor of the Exchequer,

was that when the Tories were in power in 1858–9 the expenses of the year were under £65,000,000; while under the Liberals, in 1864–5, they were more than £66,000,000. To this Mr. GLADSTONE was greatly applauded for replying that the Tories were really spending at the rate of £69,000,000, and that the subsequent increase was owing to plans already undertaken by the Tories. Such a contest was not, in itself, very radical.

The result of the election shows the political sentiment of England to be favorable to moderate liberalism. It has not declared for any distinctive policy but the "rest and be thankful" of Earl RUSSELL. Lord PALMERSTON is sustained, but Lord PALMERSTON is not the name of a policy; and his ignoble drifting is as sincerely distrusted by the most earnest Liberals as it is politically opposed by the stubbornest Tories. The election, however, places some truly able and distinguished men, like JOHN STUART MILL, in Parliament, and retains others like Mr. GLADSTONE.

Measured by any standard JOHN STUART MILL is one of the greatest of living Englishmen. Whether as thinker, scholar, or practical man he has no superior. His election for a London district, Westminster, against the most resolute opposition and the most profuse outlay of money, is a vindication of the value of plain principles in a political contest. "A strong effort is being made," said Mr. MILL in his speech on the eve of the election, "to bring in a Tory candidate by an expenditure of money more profuse than a Tory ever attempted in this city." He said the success of such an effort would be degrading to the constituency. And if he himself were elected, even if he proved to be a failure, the constituency would have triumphed over mere money. He was elected, and they did triumph: while Mr. MILL's example of strict refusal to pay for his election, and of perfect honesty in dealing with the electors, will be of the greatest service to the good cause both in England and America.

Mr. GLADSTONE is released by the election from the coils of Oxford necessity, and might now, if he had the perception and heroism, become the leader of England. But he has, with all his sagacity, conviction, and accomplishment, a certain timidity and fastidiousness which have perpetually restrained his freedom. The tie with Oxford has been, of late, his high-church sympathy and his known scholarship. But his last year's speech upon the suffrage showed how radically his political views differed from those of his constituency. In that speech he virtually took the ground of manhood suffrage. There was a Tory cry of horror and a Liberal shout of surprise and pleasure. He was obliged to explain, and partially recanted. The shock, however, has severed his connection with Oxford, which has lasted for eighteen years, and he is now returned for South Lancashire, with two Conservative colleagues.

If his hesitation in holding firmly to his ground upon the suffrage had proceeded wholly from his official relation to Oxford we might expect Mr. GLADSTONE to ascend at once to a position like that of CANNING and Sir ROBERT PEEL. But with all his accomplishments and admirable qualities he has an undoubted infirmity of temperament which will hold him in check. A man of sterner stuff, some COBDEN or BRIGHT, is required to direct the crisis which slowly approaches in England. To popularize her system without too fierce a shock is the positive work of her statesmen. The Palmerstonian era of negation and inaction is passing away. There comes a time when shirking will be impossible. For that time men like JOHN STUART MILL prepare the minds, and men like the late RICHARD COBDEN guide the hands, of their countrymen.

HENRY WERTZ.

THE trial of WERTZ renews the public interest in that most harrowing and ghastly chapter of the war, the torture of Union prisoners in the pen at Andersonville. But does the mind and heart of this country yet fully comprehend that incredible and unmatched crime, by comparison with which the Black Hole at Calcutta, the Jersey prison ship, the Dartmoor prison, and every historical cruelty is ridiculous?

The rebel J. H. WINDER was made Commissary-General of all Union prisoners. His son was sent to Andersonville to prepare a pen for the reception of many thousands. He chose a spot upon a slightly sloping hill-side of eighteen acres, afterward enlarged to twenty-seven. It was in a thickly wooded region, about nine miles from Americus, the county town of Sumter County, Georgia. A gentleman, who lives at the county town, and who tells us the story, having been a Union man throughout the war, seeing Captain WINDER laying out the ground, asked if any shelter were to be provided. He was laughed at. "Then, had you not better leave some of the trees standing in the inclosure?" The Captain replied that he "was going to make a pen for the d—d Yankees, where they would rot faster than they could be sent there."

He kept his word. He stripped the slope, at the bottom of which a stagnant stream five inches deep crept through the pen. He surrounded it with a stockade eighteen feet high, with an outer gallery for the guard. Into this place the Union soldiers were turned, stripped of every thing valuable, even to their blankets; and there, in the heat and cold and storm, exposed equally by night and day, they sickened, they starved, they rotted, they stormed into madness or sank into idiocy, moaning, shouting, laughing wildly, groaning, panting, happily dying—thirty-seven thousand human beings at one time—and fifteen thousand of the whole number confined were taken out and laid under the ground but not buried. The loathsome stench of this living death infected the air for three miles around. People moved away to avoid the pestilence. The victims had no money to buy food. The prison rations were but a form. The only water was the stagnant stream, on which floated human excrement. If by any chance some inmate received extra food, as a charitable gift from some friend like our informant, it was snatched from his hands and devoured by his companions maddened into wild beasts.

The hospitals, like the rations, were a form only. Our informant was permitted to visit one patient. He picked his way with difficulty through the filth of the cabin toward the spot where the poor creature lay. The foulness of the air was such that the visitor was sickened and retched. He found the victim lying in a shirt black as it could be. His trowsers were frayed away from the knee. He had no shoes. A strip of blanket lay across his middle. His disease was the common army form of chronic diarrhea; and his only relief, like that of all around him, was rolling himself two or three feet from where he lay and then rolling back again; he and all those men literally lying in their own filth, and the shanty reeking with the foulest fumes.

In the winter some of the prisoners were sent out in squads of thirty, without axes or any tools, to pick up what stray wood they could find. If they overstaid the hour allotted them, they were tried by drum-head court-martial and hung. But there are truths of this rebel treatment of our prisoners too horrible to be told.

Of this pen HENRY WERTZ was keeper. WINDER was commandant of the post. His son was adjutant. His nephew was commissary and sutler. But the turnkey, the man who immediately presided over this inclosure of anguish, despair, and death, was HENRY WERTZ. When KILPATRICK was known to be scouring the country with the hope of reaching Andersonville and releasing the prisoners there was a panic among the rebel officers at the pen. WINDER posted his batteries upon heights commanding the inclosure, raking it in every direction; and HENRY WERTZ declared to the prisoners that when KILPATRICK came within seven miles of the spot the cannon would open upon them. Not an emotion of pity, regret, or doubt seems to have touched the hearts of the WINDERS or of WERTZ. They were the willing and delighted agents of a policy of which the mere conception curdles the heart, and which fiends only could have executed. It was a policy known to JEFFERSON DAVIS and ROBERT E. LEE. Before God those two men are responsible for the crimes of Andersonville, as upon our side ABRAHAM LINCOLN and General GRANT would have been responsible had they suffered such a pen to exist within our lines and such torture to be inflicted after the least rumor of them had reached their ears.

And for this incalculable offense HENRY WERTZ is to be tried. Of his guilt there is no doubt, unless there be doubt whether there were an Andersonville prison and whether he were the keeper—points which are not denied. His counsel beg the press not to prejudge him. They grant the atrocities. They were committed at Andersonville. HENRY WERTZ consented to be the agent. How can such an agent be prejudged?

If any man would know the rebellion, its spirit, its method, its honor, its chivalry, its heroism—if he would truly understand the character of that caste which has so long cozened the plain people of this country and the world as "high-toned," "gentlemanly," and "proud"—if he would comprehend the spirit which denies the rights of men and women under any pretext whatever—let him carefully ponder the revelations which will be made at the trial of HENRY WERTZ. May God have mercy upon his soul!

BLOWN FROM GUNS.

AN Englishwoman sends us from Manchester, in England, an indignant note complaining of the injustice done the English people by our publication of prints representing the blowing of Sepoys from guns by the British troops. "Allow me to say," she writes, "that you know those men who were blown from the mouths of the cannon at Peshawar had been guilty of every crime that human beings are capable of." "Mr. DAVIS," she continues, "is a gentleman, and of your country," and has not committed, she adds, nor c sed his soldiers to commit the crimes for which the Indian Princes suffered. Our correspondent sends us copious extracts from Mr. TREVELYAN's "Cawnpore," that we may see exactly what those crimes were.

We do not forget the enormities, of which we were already fully aware. They were revolting, shocking, indescribable. We are also aware that while Parliament censured the act, it was not disapproved by the indignation of the British people, who felt that a stern and summary justice had been inflicted upon atrocious offenders. We are still further aware, as an "Englishwoman" intimates, that the sufferers were not the countrymen of those who punished them, but that the avengers were strangers who had subdued by the sharp sword and by monstrous crimes the country of those whom they punished: that they were in the amplest sense invaders, and had exposed themselves to the vengeance of a barbaric people, which in its outbreak was as horrible to us as it can be to any English subject.

But will an Englishwoman "allow us to say" that the revelations of the Cawnpore crimes in Mr. TREVELYAN's book, pitiful as they are, are not more terrible than the ghastly horrors of Andersonville, of Millen, of Salisbury, of Belle Isle—which latter spot the "gentleman" DAVIS could see from his windows; and that the atrocities committed by his soldiers with his permission, of deliberate intention and in his necessary knowledge, not upon a few women of another country, but upon tens of thousands of his innocent countrymen standing upon their own rightful soil, were such as the tongue refuses to utter, or the pen to write.

And when English women and English men presume to affect horror that the "gentleman" DAVIS should be solemnly and lawfully punished for such crimes, we shall continue to remind them that they are protesting against the legal trial in this country of greater barbarians than they summarily blew from the mouths of cannon in India.

We have no wish to quarrel with English women or English men. We have no wish to recriminate nor to defy. Whatever is truly venerable in English institutions, noble in English character, lofty and heroic in English achievement, earnest and humane in English effort, we admire as sincerely as Englishmen themselves. But they must learn that we do not believe them to be wiser nor better nor stronger than we. The follies and the crimes of their history are plainly written in our mother tongue, and we know the English infinitely better than they know us. Do they seriously think that they have earned any right to advise the people of the United States in the adjustment of their civil difficulties? Do they suppose we are not aware that they have not forgiven our success?

LITERARY.

"The Story of the Great March," from the Diary of a Staff-officer, by Brevet Major GEORGE WARD NICHOLS, Aid-de-camp to General SHERMAN; with a Map and Illustrations, is just published by HARPER & BROTHERS. The title felicitously describes this animated and entertaining work. It is truly a story, and the Major has spared us all bewildering displays of technical military description and the confused rhetoric of battle-pieces, in which the mind is usually hopelessly lost. The book is a simple description of the method and incidents of the March, with sketches of the rebel residents whom the author personally encountered, and with whom his conversations are often illustrative and piquant. The careless and fragmentary order of a diary not inaptly reproduces the impression of the March itself, and its genial simplicity makes the reader an actual sharer in the great movement. Major NICHOLS does not moralize much by the way; but without pretension he shows himself thoroughly alive to the significance of the stupendous campaign of which he was a part. Toward the close of his work he draws a general but extremely effective picture of the desolating results of SHERMAN's operations. The reader is reminded of the General's words to the Mayor of Atlanta: "War is cruelty." It is clear from the vivid testimony of Major NICHOLS that the rebellion was subdued only because the country was absolutely pierced and devastated. "History," he says, "will be searched in vain for a parallel to the scathing and destructive effect of the invasion of the Carolinas." SHERMAN scourged them with fire. "Over a region forty miles in width, stretching from Savannah and Port Royal through South Carolina to Goldsborough in North Carolina, agriculture and commerce, even if peace come speedily, can not be fully revived in our day.........Injury to private dwellings was forbidden, and food for present necessities was often left for the women and children; but in all the length and breadth of that broad pathway, the burning hand of war pressed heavily, blasting and withering where it fell. It was the penalty of rebellion." Like every other soldier Major NICHOLS testifies to the steady fidelity of the negroes, who gave all kinds of information, and who thoroughly understood the war, utterly and instinctively disdaining the incessant lies of the rebels in regard to the Yankees. He also relates the cruel desertion by masters and mistresses of slaves helpless by age and infirmity. HOWELL COBB, one of the basest and meanest of the rebels, was guilty of this infamy. Major NICHOLS adds a valuable appendix, containing General SHERMAN's reports and testimony before the Committee on the War, and interesting statistics of the Quarter-master's and Commissary's departments. The author's estimate of General SHERMAN is naturally very flattering, and he is inclined to see every officer of whom he speaks through the rosiest glasses. But the whole tone of the book is most kindly and humane. The style is at once spirited and simple, and the graphic Story of the Great March comes just in time for reading at the great summer rest by the sea and among the hills.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE SOUTH.

GOVERNOR PERRY on the 20th of July issued his proclamation to the people of South Carolina. In the first place, he declares that all civil officers in South Carolina who were in office in May last, when the civil government of the State was suspended, except those arrested or under prosecution for treason, shall, on taking the oath of allegiance prescribed by the President's Amnesty Proclamation, resume the duties of their offices and discharge them until further appointments are made. He announces it to be the duty of all loyal citizens promptly to take the oath of allegiance. The election for members of a State Convention he appoints for the first Monday of September. As many members will be elected in each district as the district had members of the House of Representatives. This will give one hundred and twenty-four members to the Convention, which will convene in Columbia on the 13th of September. He admonishes all the former owners of freedmen to be kind to them, and not to turn off the children or aged to perish.

On the 7th instant Mississippi elected members to the State Convention which will be held on the 14th.

The remaining six States are to hold elections and conventions as follows:

State.	Time of Election.	Time of Convention.
Alabama	Aug. 31, 1865	Sept. 10, 1865.
South Carolina	Sept. 4, 1865	Sept. 13, 1865.
North Carolina	Sept. 14, 1865	—
Georgia	Oct. 4, 1865	Oct. 25, 1865.
Texas	At as early a period as practicable.	
Florida	At as early a period as practicable.	

Governor Hamilton reached Galveston July 21, and on the 25th issued his proclamation to the people of Texas. His proclamation has more nerve in it and more plain speaking than any other we have noticed. He does not, like Governor Perry, reappoint the State officers who have acted under the rebel administration. He states plainly that slavery no longer exists, and that if Texas fails to treat the negro as a free man she will in vain seek admission to Congress.

Major-General Palmer, commanding the Department of Kentucky, has addressed a communication to President Johnson, in which he explains the difficulties he has to contend with in the regulation of negro affairs in that State. In consequence of the excitement there regarding slavery, and the misrepresentations made to the negroes by pro-slavery orators, the General says that the blacks have flocked to Louisville and other points, and to rid these places of the extraordinary accumulation of this class of population he has deemed it proper to give passes to such of the colored people as will leave the State and cross to the north side of the Ohio River. He considers it impossible, under the existing condition of affairs, to enforce the State laws in reference to slavery. He estimates that there are now not more than about fifty thousand slaves remaining in the State of the two hundred and thirty thousand at the commencement of the war, and says that slavery has no actual existence in the State, and that if the Constitutional Amendment for its abolition fails to receive a ratification the whole colored population will flee.

In General Curtis's District of Southwestern Virginia, General Gregg, commanding at Lynchburg, has recently issued an order declaring that the privileges granted by parole consequent on Lee's surrender continue only during good behavior. When a paroled prisoner insults any officer of the Government which grants the parole, he forfeits all its benefits and becomes a prisoner of war, liable to be confined at the will of the captor or punished as a military commission may direct.

LOSS OF THE "GLASGOW."

The steamship *Glasgow*, of the Inman line, was burned at sea July 31. The vessel took fire at noon, and great excitement prevailed. The Captain, Henry Manning, by his promptness and courage, restored and maintained such perfect discipline that not one life was lost. The boats were carefully lowered and filled, the women and children going first, under an order from Captain Manning to shoot any man who endeavored to enter the boats before the women and children were saved. Signals were displayed and minute-guns fired, with a coolness remarkable under the circumstances. The attention of the *Rosamond* was attracted. On the approach of this vessel the lowered boats of the *Glasgow*, filled with the crew and passengers, put off from the burning steamer, and were received with every display of kindness and consideration on board the *Rosamond* by Captain Wallis. Even the baggage of the passengers was saved. The *Rosamond* was becalmed and somewhat short of water, and when the *Erin* came in sight, on the 2d inst., it was determined to transfer the crew and passengers of the *Glasgow* to this latter vessel. The *Erin* had already on board 1100 steerage passengers, but willingly conveyed the passengers to New York, which they reached on the 3d. The *Glasgow* started from New York for Liverpool July 30. The fire started in some cotton bales stowed away in the same part of the vessel occupied by the steerage passengers. It is supposed to have originated through one of the passengers throwing a lighted match in the cotton. The *Glasgow* makes the twenty-ninth steamship lost while plying between this country and Europe during the past twenty-seven years.

THE MANCHESTER MURDER.

One o. the most horrible and unnatural murders on record was committed on the morning of August 1, at the little village of Oakland, Manchester, Connecticut, and about nine miles from Hartford. The victims were Mrs. Starkweather and her daughter Harriet Ella, aged 14. The murderer was Albert Starkweather, son of the one victim and brother of the other. The mother and daughter were mangled and butchered most cruelly, being chopped with an axe and then stabbed repeatedly with a butcher knife. Albert Starkweather, the murderer, is about 24 years of age. After being committed to prison he made a full confession.

NEWS ITEMS.

We learn by the *Cuba* that on the 29th July, when the *Great Eastern* was 700 miles out, the insulation of the cable gave out. No details have been received as we go to press.

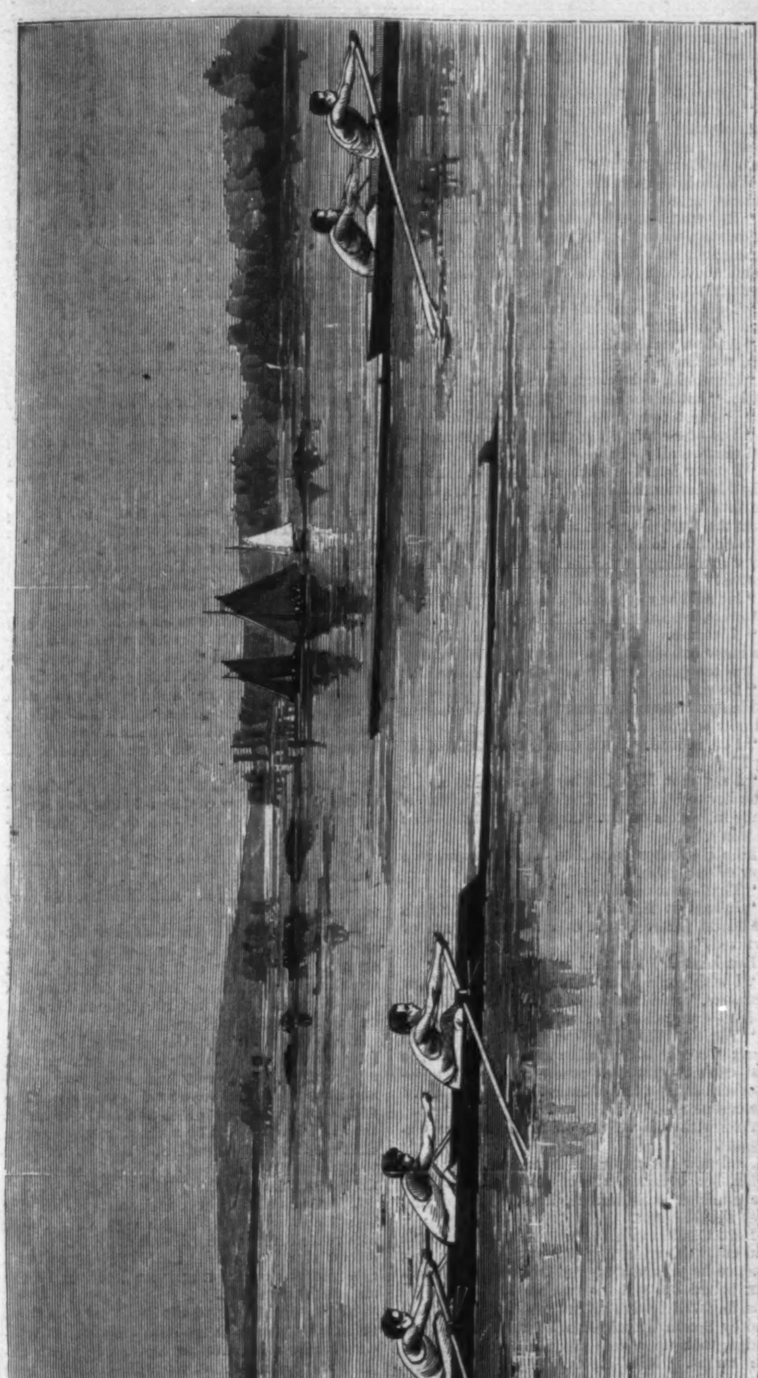
By an order, dated July 28, the following general officers were assigned to their Departments, and directed to report to their respective commanders:

1. *Hooker's:* Generals Sickles, Parke, Griffin, Potter, Robinson, Long, Barnum.
2. *Hancock's:* Generals Humphreys, Getty, Ayres, Emory, Baird, R. O. Tyler, J. D. Fessenden.
3. *Augur's:* Generals Mott, Haskin, Dent, Francis Fessenden.
4. *Ord's:* Generals Logan, Cox, Leggett, Wilcox, M'Intosh, Pitcher.
5. *Stoneman's:* Generals Hazen, Brannan, J. E. Smith, Gillem, Hatch.
6. *Palmer's:* Generals Granger, J. C. Davis, Hartranft, Brisbin, Wade.
7. *Pope's:* Generals Dodge, Blair, Wheaton, Corse, Chapman, T. C. B. Smith, Conner, Upton, Sully, Walcutt, Elliott.
8. *Terry's:* Generals Gibbon, Ricketts, Miles, Torbert, Curtis, Turner, Carroll.
9. *Schofield's:* Generals Crook, Kilpatrick, Ruger, Hardin.
10. *Gillmore's:* Generals Ames, Croxton, Devens.
11. *Steedman's:* Generals Wilson, King, Stevenson.
12. *Foster's:* Generals Newton, Alvord.
13. *Slocum's:* Generals Osterhaus, Force, Ewing, Davidson.
14. *Wood's:* Generals Grierson, H. E. Davies, De Russy.
15. *Canby's:* Generals Doolittle, T. W. Sherman.
16. *Wright's:* Generals A. J. Smith, Steele, Stanley, Mower, Merritt, Custer, G. A. Smith, Gibbs.
17. *Reynolds's:* Generals T. F. Wood, Williams, Hunt, Carr, Morgan.
18. *M'Dowell's:* General Edward M'Cook.

The degree of LL.D. has been conferred upon Hon. E. M. Stanton by the Iowa College, at Grinnell; and on General Grant by Bowdoin College, Maine.

General Howard has been brevetted Major-General in the regular army, to date from March 30.

THE ELECTRIC UNION
Alfred Fredericks



COLLEGE REGATTA—BOAT-RACE BETWEEN THE YALE AND HARVARD BOYS ON LAKE QUINSIGAMOND, JULY 28, 1865.

ISAAC PIERSON—Weight 150 Pounds.

EDMUND COFFIN—Weight 146 Pounds.

THE REGATTA AT WORCESTER.

At the close of the literary and commemorative celebrations, which have this year been centres of the liveliest interest, at Yale and Harvard, the chosen representatives of the two colleges entered upon the usual exciting competition for the champion flag. The race took place July 28 on Lake Quinsigamond, about three miles distant from Worcester, Massachusetts.

Some years ago, and until 1863, the boat organizations of Yale were separate from each other, and were broken up with the departure of their members from the college. This is the case at Harvard even now. But in 1863 the Yale boys inaugurated perpetual clubs, which swallowed up and absorbed all the petty clubs which had before existed. This navy has representatives from all of the four classes

WILBUR BACON—Weight 152 Pounds.

EDWARD BENNETT—Weight 158 Pounds.

in college, about 20 or 25 Freshmen being elected from the Freshman class every year for each club. There are now two clubs at Yale in the Academic Department, the Glynna and Varuna.

The scientific school has also its separate organization. All the clubs are united under the title of the Yale Navy, with a Commodore and other officers elected by the votes of all members of the navy.

In Harvard the old system of class-clubs still prevails, and they find it attended with all the inconveniences which attended them at Yale. There is no corporate body called the Harvard Navy, but each club is independent. Instead of one boat-house to accommodate all these, are several small ones for the various associations. It is a custom with them to have the stroke-oar of the University crew select his successor, and he in turn chooses the prize-crew.

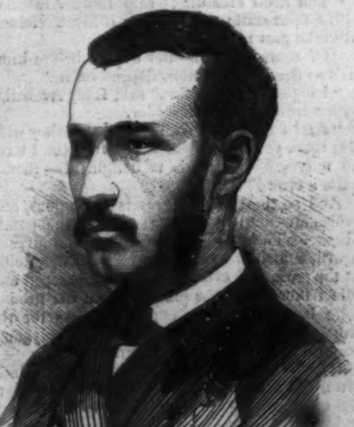
On the day of the race all the hotels in Worcester were crowded to their utmost limit. The day was favorable, the lake as suitable a sheet of water as could have been selected; and the Yale boys with their blue ribbons and the Harvard with their red were all on hand and "ready for the fray." There had been six boatmen trained on each side.

For Harvard: Charles MacBarney, weight 134 pounds; Edward H. Clark, 123 pounds; Edward A. Fenno, 143 pounds; William Blackie, 142 pounds; Edward Wilkinson, 146 pounds; Frederick Crowninshield, 137 pounds. The names and weight of the Yale boatmen are given with their portraits.

Yale won the inside, but Harvard got the advantage at the start, and was nearly a quarter of a length ahead when the boats passed the stand. Yale pulled swift strokes and Harvard slow, and it was not long before the former began to gain on the latter and came in ahead at the end of the race. Yale made the most extraordinary time on record in this country, and surpassing even the professional oarsmen of the English Universities; she came in at the end of 17 minutes and 42½ seconds. The time made by Harvard was 18 minutes and 9 seconds. There were three umpires—Mr. William Wood of New York for Yale, Mr. R. H. Derby for Harvard, and Mr. Joseph Ward for referee.

The boatmen representing the two colleges have been under the most careful gymnastic training for several weeks—the Harvard boys under the supervision of Mr. Molyneaux, and those of Yale under Mr. William Wood, Professor of Gymnastics and Physical Education, 161 Fifth Avenue, New York. This gentleman gave instruction to the Yale College crew, as we have said, and the result of the race is certainly a most flattering compliment to his skill and fidelity as a gymnastic teacher.

There has been some dispute as to the time made, but it is now generally agreed to have been as we have stated above.



W. W. SCRANTON—Weight 148 Pounds.

LEWIS STOSKOPF—Weight 168 Pounds.

THE QUEEN DOWAGER OF HAWAII.

The Queen Dowager Emma, of Hawaii, whose portrait we give on our first page, arrived in England on 14th July. The Queen Dowager Emma is partially of white extraction, since, though she belongs on the mother's side to a race of native chieftains, her father was a grandson of John Young, one of the companions of Vancouver. She was married in 1856 to his Majesty Kamehameha IV., who died in 1863. The only son of Kamehameha and Emma died in 1862, and the throne was consequently occupied by Kamehameha V., the brother of the late King, who is the present sovereign of Hawaii.

The Queen Dowager is of very pleasing appearance and graceful and dignified carriage, her manners and habits being those of the aristocracy of Europe. Her education has been adapted to her high station, and her amiability of temper and benevolence of disposition have secured for her the affection of her people. She is a member of the Episcopal Church.

The present King of Hawaii is thirty-five years of age, and is physically a fine example of the native race. Under his reign the affairs of the kingdom have made rapid progress, and he has developed the constitutional Government which was instituted in 1848. There are two Americans in this King's cabinet—C. C. Harris, the Minister of Justice, and E. H. Allen, Keeper of the Seals.

Hawaii is the largest and most southerly of the Sandwich Islands, and is, in fact, twice as large as all the rest put together, being a hundred miles long and above eighty miles wide. It is wholly volcanic, and appears not to be an upheaval, but rather a deposit from the numerous volcanoes of which it forms the base, the southern coasts being composed almost entirely of lava or volcanic cinders, the masses of which are broken into deep caverns, the abode of innumerable wild fowl, or rising into almost perpendicular cliffs, against which the sea dashes in frequent storms.

GENERAL NATHANIEL A. MILES.

Among the brilliant lights of the Second Corps General Nathaniel A. Miles stood almost the first. As Colonel of the Sixty-first New York his record shows the most efficient service, which frequently elicited encomiums from his superior officers. His regiment belonged to the Second Corps before the consolidation of that corps with the old Third. When Meade moved from the Rapidan May 4, 1864, General Miles commanded the First Brigade of the First Division, Second Corps. Barlow commanded the division, a position which was afterward assumed by Miles during the temporary absence of the division General. It is needless to refer again to the proud history of the Second Corps, but in all the achievements of that corps on the battle-field Miles's brigade or division was in the front ranks. Not many of the West Point students have gained for themselves such fame as justly belongs to General Miles, of the volunteer army.

General Miles now commands Fortress Monroe, in which Davis is incarcerated. It has been necessary for him as the commandant of this post to exercise a severity toward the prisoner which would have been unnecessary if the ex-President of the Southern Confederacy had exhibited a more becoming behavior.

CHIEF ENGINEER KINGSLAND.

Mr. Elisha Kingsland, whose portrait we give on our first page, was on Friday, July 28, elected by the Commissioners Chief Engineer of the Metropolitan Fire Department. The election took place at Firemen's Hall.

Mr. Kingsland is an old and tried fireman, having served in the old volunteer organization for nineteen years. He entered the service as a private with Engine Company No. 32 in 1846. The Company was changed to 26, and Kingsland was elected its first foreman, which office he held until 1853. He was then elected Assistant Engineer, in which position he has served for twelve years. He was Street Inspector of the Seventeenth Ward for eight years.

Mr. Kingsland is of the old Knickerbocker stock, and is forty-one years old. He is a man of steady habits, and will no doubt successfully manage the new organization.

THE FLIGHT OF DAVIS.

Though published at a somewhat late period, the illustrations which we give this week relating to Jeff Davis's flight can not fail to prove of much interest to our readers. After the capitulation of General Johnston there was virtually no armed force left east of the Mississippi; and President Davis, already a fugitive from Richmond, having been driven from the capital of Virginia by the surrender of General Lee, found himself again a wanderer by the wayside, seeking some means of escape from the National columns, which were closing in upon him in all directions. The artist, whose sketches we engrave, accompanied Mr. Davis in his flight to within forty-eight hours of his capture.

The subject of one of the illustrations is the scene presented by a sudden alarm, or stampede, which was a very frequent occurrence, owing to the proximity of the National cavalry, who were frequently within three miles of the camp of the flying President. A scout had only to dash in and give the alarm when every thing went helter-skelter along the road—President, ministers, cavalrymen, four-muled wagons, and terrified negro servants, all jumbled up together.

The other illustration shows the farewell of Mr. Davis to his escort and staff in the square of Washington, Georgia. It was here that he determined to continue his flight almost alone; and, assembling those round him who had sacrificed every thing to the defeated cause, he, with tears in his eyes, begged them to seek their own safety and leave him to meet his fate. Undoubtedly it was an ill-advised arrangement which brought an escort of 1500 men in the train of a man fleeing for his life; and, when too late, Davis saw the error of thus attracting the attention of the entire country through which he passed, and disbanded them but forty-eight hours before his capture.

OUR DEAD AT ANDERSONVILLE.

Not in the fierce and frenzied shock of war,
Amid the raging battle's heated breath,
And clash of arms, and deafening roar of guns,
Met they the Angel, Death.

But in foul prison-pens, with stealthy tread,
He came, and took them slowly, one by one;
And they that lingered saw their comrades' eyes
Close sadly on the sun—

Saw their pale eyelids close, and felt the hour
Draw nearer to themselves, till Death became
As one of them, and with each suffering day
Familiar grew his name.

Sometimes the sentry's gun, with sharp report,
Would send some poor soul on his heavenward flight,
Who, weary of his prison's gloom, stepp'd forth
Boldly into the light!

Great God, within that book Thy Angel keeps
Are such things written—such unhallowed deeds?
O blot them from our memories, and heal
Each sorrowing heart that bleeds!

Our land is one vast sepulchre—see rise
The swelling mounds; the dust which in them lies
Is the rich price which cherished Freedom claims,
Our Nation's sacrifice.

These shall not now be nameless; he shall read
Who views them hence, traced by a woman's hand,
Each hero's name; in future years untold
Mute records they shall stand—

Mute records, they, of valor, courage, love,
Of stern endurance amid sufferings ended;
And with each name upon those patriot graves
Hers shall be blended.

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS,
Author of "Barbara's History," &c.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE RIFLE MATCH.

At half past two an open carriage drove up to the ground, and four ladies alighted. They were received by Lord Castletowers, handed to their seats, and presented with written programmes of the games. Miss Colonna was installed in the central arm-chair, which, being placed a little in advance of the other seats, and dignified with a foot-stool, was styled, somewhat magniloquently, the Throne. Scarcely had they taken their places when two more carriages appeared upon the scene, the first of which contained Lady Arabella Walkingshaw and Miss Hatherton, and the second, Mrs. Cadogan, the wife of the Sedgebrook vicar, and her two daughters. The latter, hearing down in the village what was doing in the park, had come over to see the sports; but Lady Arabella's visit was made in exclusive pursuance of her own little game, and bore no kind of reference to any that might be set on foot by other people. She was, therefore, rather put out than otherwise when, instead of finding Lady Castletowers at home, she was informed that "my lady was gone across the park to see the gentlemen race, and had left word, if any friends called at the house, that there would be seats for them if they liked to follow." Miss Hatherton, however, was delighted.

"It's perfectly chaming," said she, as they turned down the drive leading to that part of the park indicated by the servant. "You can not think how pleased I am, Lady Arabella!"

"Well, my dear, then I am pleased too," replied Lady Arabella, benevolently.

"There's nothing I enjoy so much as contests of this kind," Miss Hatherton went on to say. "Boat-races, horse-races, reviews, any thing, so long as skill, strength, or speed is in question. Why, I haven't missed a Derby-day for the last five years; and as for the Roman Carnival, the only thing I care for in it is the horse-race. I'm always sorry the Jews don't run instead. It would be so much more amusing."

"You droll creature!" said Lady Arabella, with a faint smile. "I wonder if Mr. Trefalden will take part in these games?"

"Of course he will—and win all before him. He's as fleet as a chamois, depend on it."

"I hope they won't fire," said Lady Arabella, with a little lady-like shudder.

"And I hope, above all things, that they will. But then, you know, dear Lady Arabella, I have no nerves. Why, this is delightful—there's quite a crowd!"

And so there was. News is contagious, and propagates itself as mysteriously as the potato disease. The whole neighborhood had already heard, somehow or another, of what was doing at the park, and every farmer, game-keeper, and idle fellow about the place, was on the ground long before the hour appointed. As for the women and children, nothing short of Polygamy could account for their numbers.

"Lady Arabella Walkingshaw and Miss Hatherton!" said Lord Castletowers, hastening to the carriage-door as they drove up. "This is indeed a happy accident. You have been to the house, I suppose, to call upon my mother."

"We have; but with no idea that we were coming to a—a fête of this kind," replied Lady Arabella, somewhat at a loss for the most appropriate word, and exchanging bows and gracious smiles with the ladies on the platform.

"Why did you not tell us about it last evening, you sly man?" asked Miss Hatherton.

"Because I then knew no more about it than yourself, fair lady," replied the Earl. "It is an improvisation."

"And what are you going to do?"

"A little of every thing—rifle-shooting, leaping, running; but you shall have a programme presently, and if you will alight, I can give you seats beside my mother."

With this he gave his arm to Lady Arabella, and conducted both ladies to the place of honor.

"But where are the competitors?" said Miss Hatherton, when the due greetings had all been exchanged, and they had taken their seats; "and above all, where's my friend, the noble savage?"

"Trefalden? Oh, he's in our tent, out yonder. This affair was his idea entirely."

"And an admirable idea, too. But he'll beat you, you know."

"He would, if he came forward," replied the Earl; "but he declines to compete."

"Declines to compete!" echoed the heiress.

"Yes—for every thing except the last race—and that we all go in for."

"I never heard of such a thing!" exclaimed Miss Hatherton, indignantly. "Why, it's as if the favorite was withdrawn at the last moment from the Derby—and I, too, who had intended to back him to any extent! I declare I was never more disappointed in my life. What's his motive?"

"He said he was out of practice," replied Castletowers, hesitatingly.

"Nonsense. That wasn't his real motive. He knew nobody else would have a chance, and he was too generous to carry off all the honors."

"Do you really think so?" said Miss Colonna, suddenly. She had listened to the conversation till now without taking part in it.

"I do, indeed. What does Lord Castletowers say?"

"I say that Miss Hatherton is right, and I *know* her to be right. Trefalden could write his name in bullets on that target if he chose—but he won't."

Miss Hatherton turned to Miss Colonna in a glow of enthusiasm.

"That's true nobleness!" she exclaimed.

"Indeed it is," said Castletowers. "He's the finest fellow I have ever known, savage or civilized."

But Miss Colonna said nothing.

"I wish you'd bring him this way, Lord Castletowers," said the heiress. "I like talking to him—he amuses me immensely."

"You shall have him by-and-by," laughed the Earl; "but he is our judge in the rifle-matches and can't be spared at present. Excuse me—another carriage full of ladies. I am master of the ceremonies."

And with this he ran off to receive the Cadogans.

And now the appointed hour being not only come, but overpast, the ladies expectant, and the audience considerable, it was decided that they should begin.

Lord Castletowers was seen to cross the course and enter the cricketing tent at the farther end, whence he presently emerged with his cartridge-box belted on, and his rifle in his hand. He was followed by five others similarly equipped; and by Saxon Trefalden, who, in his quality as judge, took up a safe position to the right of the target. Miss Hatherton surveyed them through her opera-glass as they came over the ground and placed themselves about a hundred yards off, with their backs to the stand.

"Dear me! they are very near us," said Lady Arabella, with that sort of pretty timidity that is less charming at eight-and-forty than at eighteen. "I hope it is not dangerous."

"Don't be alarmed, my dear friend," said Miss Hatherton. "Gentlemen don't generally fire behind their own backs. So Major Vaughan begins—and a very good shot, too—very near the bull's eye. Who is that remarkably handsome fair man to the right?"

The question was addressed to Miss Colonna, but it received no reply. Olimpia heard the words, as she heard the report of the first rifle, without attaching any import to the sound, just as her eyes were fixed upon the target, but saw nothing. She was absorbed in thought, very painful thought, as it would seem, by the strange hard way in which her lips were drawn together, and her fingers were mechanically twisting and tearing the programme which they held.

Miss Hatherton turned to repeat the inquiry; but seeing the expression on Olimpia's face, remained silent. It was an expression that startled her, and puzzled her as much as it startled her. An expression such as one sees but seldom in the course of an ordinary life; neither wholly resolute, nor hopeless, nor defiant; but a blending, perhaps, of all three, with something else that might have been compunction—or despair.

Curiosity so far prevailed that for some three or four seconds Miss Hatherton continued to stare at Olimpia instead of watching the competitors, and thus, to her infinite mortification, lost the thread of the firing. Of course none of the ladies on the platform could help her. They saw the riflemen, and they saw the marks on the target; but not one among them had the dimmest idea of the order in which those marks had been dealt, or of the hands that had bestowed them. The appointed number of rounds, however, having been fired out, the question was set at rest by the announcement that Sir Charles Burgoyne had carried off the first prize. Sir Charles Burgoyne sauntered up accordingly to the front of the platform, and received the cup from Miss Colonna's hand with the best-bred air of indifference in the world.

"You don't share my passion for these contests, Miss Colonna," said the heiress, in the pause that ensued between the first and second match. The strange look had vanished from Olimpia's face long since; but Miss Hatherton could not forget it—would have given something to fathom it, if possible.

"Indeed you mistake. I think them very interesting," replied Olimpia.

"But of course they can not have so much interest for you as for me. Your sympathies are bound up in a great cause, and you must have fewer small emotions on hand."

"Perhaps," said Olimpia, with a forced smile.

"No bad news from Italy, I hope?"

"The news at present," replied Olimpia, "is neither bad nor good. It is a season of anxious suspense for all whose hearts are in the cause."

"You look anxious," said Miss Hatherton, kindly but inquisitively. "I thought just now I never saw a face look so anxious as yours. You didn't seem to remark the firing at all."

A crimson tide rushed to Olimpia's face, flooded it, and ebbed away, leaving her paler than before.

"I am quite strong enough," she replied, coldly, "to sustain such cares as fall to my lot."

The competitors for the second rifle match were now on the ground, and the conversation dropped. There were but four this time—Lord Castletowers, Sir Charles Burgoyne, Major Vaughan, and Lieutenant Torrington. Having five shots each, they fired alternately, one shot at a time, in their order as they stood—Vaughan first, Torrington second, Castletowers third, and Burgoyne fourth. It became evident, after the first two rounds, that Vaughan, although a good marksman, was inferior to both Castletowers and Burgoyne, and that Torrington was nowhere. Miss Hatherton and Miss Colonna were the only two ladies who could follow the shots or understand the scoring; and this they did with a degree of interest quite incomprehensible to the rest. As the end drew near the victory lay between Burgoyne and the Earl. Miss Hatherton's excitement knew no bounds.

"Ten to one on Lord Castletowers," she exclaimed. "See how cool he is! See how steadily he brings up his gun—ten to one, gloves or guineas. Will nobody take me? In the white, I vow, and all but in the very centre! Beat that, Sir Charles, if you can!"

"He will *not* beat it," said Olimpia, in a low, earnest voice.

Miss Hatherton glanced at her again, but scarcely for a second. She was too deeply interested in the next shot to care much about any thing else just then. But she saw Olimpia's parted lips, and the outlooking light in her eyes, and thought of both afterward.

Up to this point Lord Castletowers had scored four three times, and three twice, making a total of eighteen. Sir Charles had scored four twice, and three twice, making a total of fourteen. The next shot would be his fifth and last. If he hit the bull's-eye it would be a drawn game between Castletowers and himself, and they would have to try again for the victory; but if he scored any thing less than four the Earl must win.

There was a moment of intense suspense. Sir Charles brought up his gun very slowly, took aim twice before he fired, and delivered an excellent shot just *on* the line dividing the bull's eye from the centre ring. He had lost by the sixteenth of an inch.

The spectators round the ropes set up a faint respectful shout in their squire's honor; the non-competitors rushed up to the target in an excited way; and Saxon, too well pleased to care for the moment whether Burgoyne heard him or not, shook his friend by both hands, exclaiming,

"I am so glad, Castletowers—so heartily glad! I did wish you to win those pistols!"

Miss Colonna's smile was cold and indifferent enough when the Earl presented himself to receive his prize; but her hand trembled, and Miss Hatherton's sharp eyes saw it.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

HOW A FAIR LADY GAVE HER TRUE KNIGHT A GUERDON.

The long jump was jumped, and the hundred yards race was run—Mr. Guy Greville winning the first by four inches, and Major Vaughan the second by four yards; and only the great race remained to be contested. In the mean while, half an hour was allowed for rest and refreshments. The gentlemen thronged to the platform in a mongrel costume compounded of flannel trowsers, cricketing-shoes, parti-colored Jerseys, and over-coats of various descriptions; so that they looked like cricketing men below and boating men above. Servants glided solemnly about with Madeira and biscuits. The ladies congratulated the victors, and the victors congratulated each other. The spectators outside the ropes strolled about respectfully, and did a little subdued betting among themselves; and the conversation on the platform was broken up into coteries. One of these consisted of Lady Arabella Walkingshaw, Lady Castletowers, and her son.

"Vaughan ran well, didn't he?" said the Earl. "I thought at one moment that Greville would have outpaced him; but Vaughan had the most wind, and steady did it."

"You would do well, Gervase, to reserve your sporting phraseology for your male friends," said Lady Castletowers, coldly. "You forget that ladies do not appreciate its full point and vigors."

"I beg your pardon, my dear mother; but it comes so naturally when sport is the topic of conversation," replied her son. "I hope you are amused, Lady Arabella?"

"Oh yes, thank you—when you don't fire."

"There is, at all events, nothing undignified in firing," observed the Countess.

"I hope you do not think our athletic games undignified, mother?" said the Earl.

"For gentlemen, certainly. For boys or peasants, not at all."

"But a gentleman has as many and as good muscles as a peasant. A gentleman values strength and speed as much, and sometimes more, than he values Greek and Latin; but, like Greek and Latin, strength and speed must be kept up by frequent exercise."

"I have no wish to argue the question," said Lady Castletowers. "It is enough that I set a higher value on skill than force, and that it gives me no gratification to see half a dozen gentlemen racing round a piece of sward for the entertainment of a mob of gamekeepers and plowmen."

"Nay, for our own entertainment and yours, dearest mother," replied the young man, gently. "We have never yet shut our park-gates on these good people; but their presence goes for nothing in what we do to-day."

He spoke very deferentially, but with a faint flush of annoyance on his face, and passed on to where Miss Hatherton was chatting with Saxon Trefalden.

"It will be a long time," she said, "before I can forgive you for my disappointment of this morning. And I know I am right. You could have beaten every body at every thing if you had pleased. It was an absurd piece of Quixotism, and I am very angry with you for it. There—don't attempt to deny it. Lord Castletowers has confessed, and it is of no use for you to plead not guilty."

"Lord Castletowers never saw me leap a foot or even a yard in his life," said Saxon, emphatically. "He knows nothing of what I can, or can not do."

"I am here to answer for myself," said the Earl, laying his hand on the lad's shoulder. "And I *do* know that you can put a bullet through a shifting weather-cock at five hundred yards."

"A mere trick."

"Not so. Skill is no more to be confounded with trickery than pocket-picking with legerdemain. I am entirely of Miss Hatherton's opinion, and am certain you could have beaten us all round if you had chosen to take the trouble."

"You will find out your mistake presently when you have all left me in the rear," said Saxon, a little impatiently; "I would recommend no one to bet upon me."

"*I* mean to bet upon you, Mr. Trefalden," said Miss Hatherton.

"Pray don't; you will be sure to lose your money."

"I don't believe it; or if I do, I shall call upon you to pay my debts, for I shall be certain you have lagged behind on purpose."

At this moment one or two of the others came up, and the conversation turned upon the preceding contests.

"Mr. Trefalden," said Miss Colonna, "will you be kind enough to tell me how many times you have to make the circuit of the ground in this one-mile race?"

Miss Colonna's chair stood next to Miss Hatherton's, but was placed about half a foot in advance, by right of her prerogative. As she turned to address him, Saxon dropped out of the heiress's coterie, and, moving round by the back of her chair, replied:

"Exactly six times, Mademoiselle."

"Will you come round to this side, Mr. Trefalden?" said Olimpia, in a low tone, "I have something to say to you."

Not without some vague sense of surprise, the young man passed on behind the second chair, and presented himself at Miss Colonna's left hand.

"You are really going to contest this one-mile race, are you not?" she asked.

"I have entered my name with the rest," replied Saxon.

"Then you mean, of course, to win if you can?"

Saxon looked embarrassed.

"I have entered my name," said he, "but I am not sure that I shall run for all that. Somebody must act as judge; and I prefer not to race if I can help it."

"But I particularly prefer that you should race, Mr. Trefalden," said Olimpia, dropping her voice to a still lower key. "I want you to win me that purse of twenty guineas for my dear Italy."

"It will be yours, and Italy's, Mademoiselle, whoever wins it."

"I know that, Mr. Trefalden."

"Then what difference can it make whether I or another carry off the prize?" said Saxon, wonderingly.

"It *does* make a difference," replied Olimpia, lifting her eyes suddenly to his.

Saxon felt fluttered, without knowing why.

"What difference?" faltered he.

"Must I tell you?"

"If—if you please."

"Will you promise to win for me, if I do?"

"I don't know; I will try."

"I ask no more than that. If you really try I am confident of victory. Well then, I want you to win because—I suppose, because I am a woman; and all women are capricious."

Saxon looked puzzled.

"I don't think you are capricious," he said.

"Do you not? Then I am afraid that is because you are a man; and all men are vain. There is a pair of maxims for you."

"Maxims for which I can discover no application," replied Saxon, laughingly. "Why should I be accused of vanity because I refuse to believe that Mademoiselle Colonna is guilty of caprice?"

"I am afraid you are very dull to-day, Mr. Trefalden, or very subtle."

"I know I am not subtle," said Saxon, "but I must be dreadfully dull."

"If your feet do not outstrip your apprehension you will scarcely win the cup; and—what bell is that?"

"It's the signal for assembling," replied Saxon, "I must go now; and you have not told me after all."

"But you have promised me that you will try."

"No, no—my promise was conditional on your explanation."

"But have I not told you that women are capricious?"

"What of that?"

"We sometimes value a cowslip from one hand more than a rose from another; and—and perhaps I am so capricious as to prefer the Italian cup from yours. Hark! there is the second bell! Now, go; and bring me back the prize."

The tone in which this was said—the gesture, half persuasive, half imperious—the dazzling smile by which it was accompanied, were more than enough to turn an older head than Saxon Trefalden's. He stammered something, he scarcely knew what; and his heart leaped, he scarcely knew why.

"If you do not go at once," said Miss Colonna, "you will be too late. Shall I give you my glove for a favor? Be a true knight, and deserve it."

Breathless, intoxicated, the young man pressed the glove to his lips, thrust it into his bosom, leaped down upon the course, and flew to take his place among the runners. He felt as if his feet were clad in the winged sandals of Hermes; as if his head touched the clouds, and the very air were sunshine. It was delightful, this sense of exaltation and rapture—and quite new.

Not so, however, felt Olimpia Colonna. Saxon had no sooner jumped from the platform than the color died out suddenly from her face, and the smile from her lips. She leaned back in her chair with a look of intense pain and weariness, and sighed heavily. There were three persons observing her; but her thoughts were very bitter at that moment, and she was quite unconscious of their scrutiny. Those persons were Lady Castletowers; Signor Colonna, who had but just arrived, and was leaning on the back of her chair; and Miss Hatherton,—and neither the look of pain nor the sigh was lost on either of the three.

THE TROOPER'S FAREWELL TO HIS STEED.

Farewell, farewell, O my gallant steed!
Who have scoured with me the plain,
O never will we together move
In the fiery charge again;
Never again will the bugle sound
For us so sweet and so solemn—
Never again o'er the echoing ground
Will we move with the marching column.

Farewell, farewell, O my gallant steed!
Who will bear me never more
In the dust and heat of the weary march,
Or the maddening battle's roar;
No more for us will the sabres clang,
Or the deadly carbines rattle—
No more will you scent with your nostrils wide
The smoke of the distant battle.

Farewell, farewell, O my gallant steed!
No more shall we scour the plain,
No more at morn shall the trumpet's call
Awaken us both again;
No more o'er the turnpike's winding way
The trail of the foe we'll follow,
While far over river and field and hill
Sound the bugles clear and hollow.

Farewell, farewell, O my gallant steed!
Farewell, for never again
Will we scour along in the serried ranks,
And the light winds lift your mane;
O never again on the dashing raid
Will we move in the crowded column—
O never again will we halt at night
'Neath the starlight pale and solemn!

Farewell, farewell, O my gallant steed!
Who will bear me never more
In the dust and heat of the weary march
Or the maddening battle's roar;
Farewell, farewell, for at last we part
Who have comrades been in battle,
'Mid the sabre's clash and the cannon's roar
And the deadly rifle's rattle.

FALSE STEPS.

It would be very interesting to know how many even sensible men over forty are free from a conviction that, at some point in the road of their lives, they have taken a wrong turning, and in how many cases the grounds of self-reproach would be found to be quite baseless. People often are fond of attributing to a false step a want of success that is really due to incapacity. A man persuades himself, for instance, that he might have been at the head of his profession if he had only adopted some other course than the one he actually followed at a certain stage in his career; when the truth is that, whatever course he had adopted, he could never have risen beyond the level of mediocrity. The reflection soothes his vanity and restores his self-esteem. For although the fact of having taken a wrong turning indicates in itself a deficiency of judgment, still every body is ready to pardon himself for a weakness which he thinks is only temporary. To be able to trace the failure of a life to a single blunder permits one to believe that on all other occasions every thing has been done to insure success that mortal could do. We are naturally very lenient to ourselves if we can think that we have not lost our way more than once or twice, and that afterward no pains or discretion have been spared in endeavoring to recover the lost ground. Ill-fortune bears the blame for all the rest. We did wrong, it is true; but then, if luck had not been incorrigibly hostile, the error would speedily have been repaired, and all would have gone on well. And, after a certain time, a man gets into the way of looking back even upon the false step to which he pleads guilty as something for which he was not altogether responsible. Just as people can go on telling an untrue story until they believe it to be true, they can in the same way go on ascribing all their ills to some one mistake, until at last they begin to forget that the mistake was their own, and to talk of it as they might be expected to talk of a blight that had descended upon them from the clouds.

It is a rather striking circumstance that the matter in which men and women most commonly take a serious false step is that which is least readily acknowledged. Probably about the most fatal blunder that any body can perpetrate is a bad marriage; and, moreover, of all blunders this is the commonest. It is also one which the parties to it most carefully conceal from themselves. The reluctance which people feel to recognize, even in their own minds, an irreparable mistake such as this, is a measure of the sincerity with which they are willing to attribute ill-fortune to their mistakes in other pieces of conduct. Certainly nobody can blame them for making the best of what is irretrievable. If a man finds that his wife is shamefully extravagant, or a great fool, or a shrew, he may be more than pardoned for trying not to see what a fearful burden he has been at the trouble to tie round his neck. And when a woman finds that her husband is a tyrant, or intolerably self-opinionated, or openly indifferent to her, she is right in making the best of her bargain. Where a real false step has been taken, every body does all he can to make it as little mischievous as may be. When people are found bemoaning some one blunder as the cause of all their ills, instead of leaving the blunder to itself, we may be pretty sure either that they do not mean what they say, or else that their ills have been the natural results, not of one false step, but of a confirmed habit of mental staggering and stumbling. It is not so easy for a man to ruin his life by a single act. Marriage, however, is the most decisive and the easiest of such acts, if we may also include under the term those clandestine connections which can only be described negatively as *not* marriages. The man who marries without knowing more than the mere surface of his wife's character, or without having carefully counted the cost of bringing up a family, takes almost the one step in ordinary life which there is no power of retracing, and which may lead him hopelessly away from the kind and amount of success which he might otherwise have reached.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A Father-in-Law.—What is the legal relation in which a tenant stands to his landlord?—*In loco pay-rent-is.*

An Irish lad, having been asked if the man who had just flogged him was his own father, replied, "Yis, sure he's the parent iv me; but he trates me as if I was his son by another father and mother, bad luck to him!"

An Economical Rider.—An inn-keeper observed a postillion with only one spur, and inquired the reason. "Why, what would be the use of another?" said the postillion; "if one side of the horse goes the other can't stand still."

A shoemaker was the other day fitting a customer with a pair of boots, when the buyer observed that he had but one objection to them, which was that the soles were a little too thick. "If that is all," replied Crispin, "put on the boots, and the objection will gradually *wear away.*"

An Irish car-driver, in his list of journey expenses, charged "refreshment for the horse, 2d." On inquiry it turned out that the rogue meant whip-cord.

An awkward, ill-dressed countryman, who was strolling about the Central Park the other day, attracted considerable attention on account of his absurd appearance. Becoming conscious at last of the fact, he turned to a gentleman who was looking at him with open-mouthed surprise, and exclaimed, "Halloo, mister, if you keep your mouth so wide open you'll sunburn your teeth!" and walked away triumphant amidst the laughter his sally called forth.

Rather Thin.—A ludicrous incident occurred at a small town on the Boston road not long since. The hotel at that place is ornamented with a hostler whose fun is as fearless as his face is ugly. One day, while twenty or thirty fast gentlemen were standing on the front balcony of the hotel, an individual rode up the path on the thinnest horse mortal eyes ever looked upon. Leaping from his phantom steed the equestrian said, turning to the hostler,

"Here, John, give my horse some water."

"Sir!" said John, with a look of astonishment.

"Give my horse some water!" thundered the stranger.

"Your horse!" ejaculated John, with more surprise.

"Yes, you fool, my horse!" said the stranger, looking savagely at him.

John walked toward him as though he would demand an explanation, and had taken about six steps, when he suddenly stopped like one surprised beyond expression.

"Bless my soul!" said he. "I ask your pardon, Sir; but your animal stood on a line with that 'ere hitchin'-post, and I didn't see him."

The owner of the spectral beast tried to frown, but a roar from the balcony made him change his mind.

Passing Strange.—A lady passing a bonnet shop without stopping.

You may talk of Niagara's thundering roar,
Of the mighty sweep of its foam-flecked tide,
Of its gleaming bow, of its echoing shore,
Of the glory and grandeur on every side—
Fiddlesticks!

You may tell me of glens in the distant hills,
Where the cataract leaps from the very sky,
While the blossoming forest its fragrance distills,
And birds fill the air with their minstrelsy—
It's all gammon!

You may talk till you're dumb of these waterfalls,
Where nymphs and naiads perchance may dwell;
But I know a place where four brick walls
Contain another I like as well—
And better too! Just listen.

Oh, the gushing clusters of dancing curls,
Where rosy Cupids may lurk in glee,
On the heads of lovely laughing girls!
Oh, them's the waterfalls for me!
AND THEM'S UM!

THEOLOGICAL HOROLOGY.

There's this to say about the Scotch,
So bother bannocks, braes, and birks;
They can't produce a decent Watch,
For Calvinists despise good works.

In New Zealand the boys swim rivers and climb hills for the sake of going to school. In this vicinity they frequently stay away from school to swim rivers and climb hills.

What beams often fall on men's heads without hurting them?—Sunbeams.

Why is an active waiter like a race-horse?—Because he runs for the plate.

A Powerful Blister.—"I say, Mr. Johnson, did you hear 'bout de catalepsy dat befell Phillise?" "Of course I didn't—what was it?" "You see de doctor ordered a blister on her chist; well, as she hadn't no chist, no how, she put it on de bandbox, and it drawed her new pink bonnet out ob shape, and spile un entirely."

What is that which every one wishes to possess, and which every one wishes to get rid of as soon as they have got it?—A good appetite.

A man behind the times is apt to speak ill of them. Probably they don't look well from behind.

A young and gallant captain, on receiving a note from a lady "requesting the pleasure of his company" at a party to be given at her house on the evening designated, took his men and marched them to the young lady's residence. When it was explained to him that it was himself alone who had been invited, he said, "By Jove, the letter said company, and I thought the lady wanted to see all my boys!"

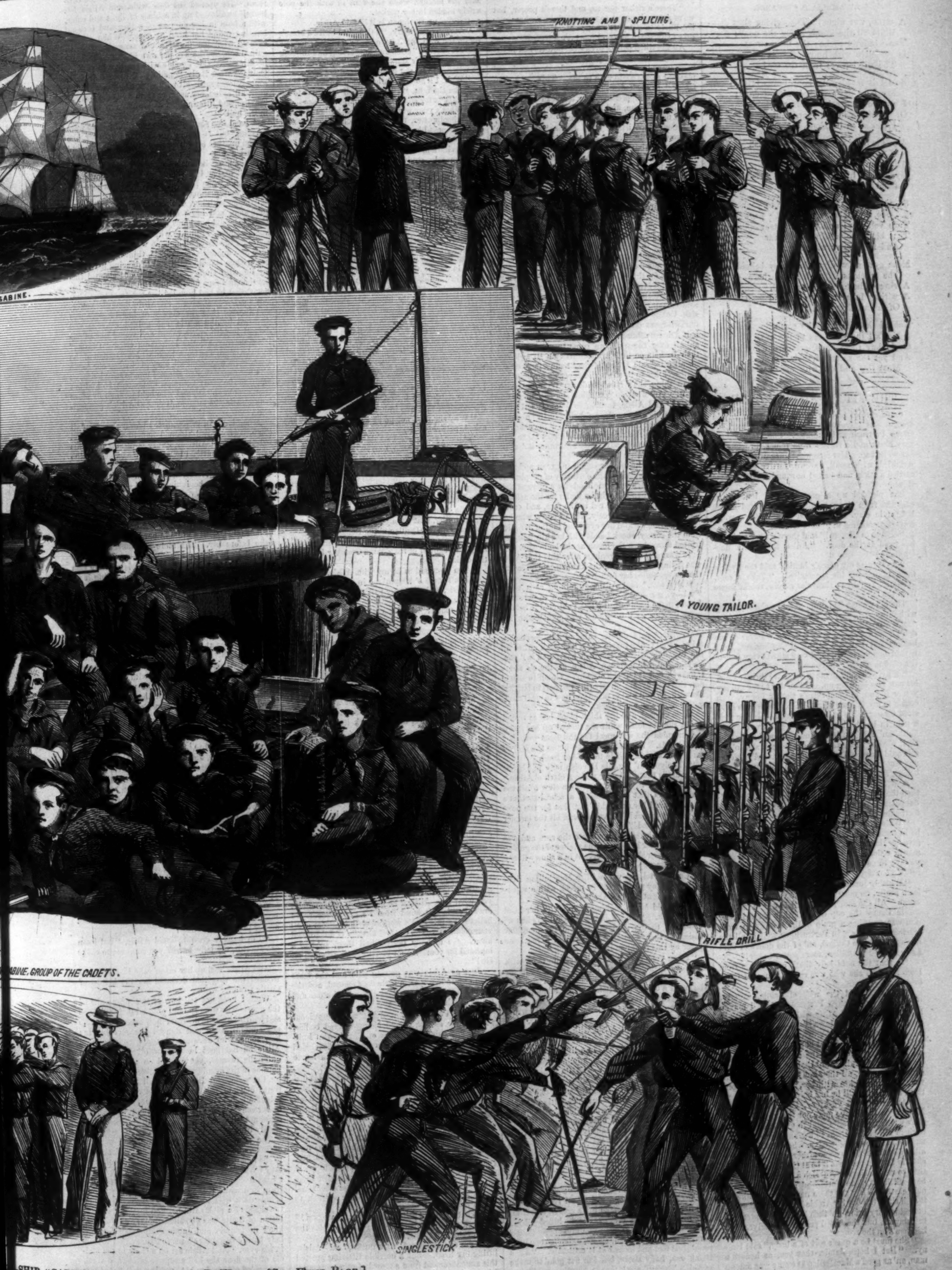
A French gentleman who was caressing a dog one day remarked, "I love de dogs, de cats, de sheep, de pigs, in short any ting vat is beastly."

The officiating clergyman at the marriage of a deaf and dumb couple wittily and gallantly wished them unspeakable bliss.

ON THE—WELL, WE WON'T SAY WHAT—LINE.

Old Gent. "Well, George, what sort of a Journey have you had?"
George. "Oh, very quiet; only off the Track twice, and ran into three Freight Trains!"

SKETCHES ON BOARD THE UNITED STATES NAVAL SCHOOL-SHIP



-SHIP "SABINE."—Sketched by A. R. Waud.—[See First Page.]

OLD RELICS.

BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

A wild, wet night! The driving sleet
Blurs all the lamps along the quay;
The windows shake; the busy street
Is yet alive with hurrying feet;
The wind raves from the sea!

So let it rave! My lamp burns bright;
My long day's work is almost done;
I curtain out each sound and sight—
Of all nights in the year, to-night
I choose to be alone.

Alone, with doors and windows fast,
Before my open desk I stand—
Alas! can twelve long months be past,
My hidden, hidden wealth, since last
I held thee in my hand?

So, there it lies! From year to year
I see the ribbon change; the page
Turn yellower; and the very tear
That blots the writing, disappear
And fade away with age!

Mine eyes grow dim when they behold
The precious trifles hoarded there—
A ring of battered Indian gold,
A withered harebell, and a fold
Of sunny chestnut hair.

Not all the riches of the earth,
Not all the treasures of the sea,
Could buy these house-gods from my hearth;
And yet the secret of their worth
Must live and die with me.

THE FIT OF AILSIE'S SHOE.

On a certain mellow August afternoon an old woman was traveling along the sea-girt road between Portrush and Dunluce. She wore a long gray cloak and a scarlet neckerchief thrown over her white cap. Her face was unusually sallow and wrinkled, with small, shrewd, furtive eyes. She carried a stick, and halted now and then from fatigue.

She plodded up a green-hedged lonan, and emerged from it on a causeway of round stones bedded in clay. Here stood "Jamie's," a white cottage smothered in fuschia-trees.

"God save all here!" said the visitor, pushing in her head at the door. "An' is this Jamie MacQuillan's?"

"As sure as my name's Jamie," said the weakly man, taking off his spectacles. "Take a seat, ma'am. You'd be a thraveler maybe, comin' home from the fair?"

The old woman had dropped into a chair, panting with fatigue.

"It's no shame for ye," she gasped, "that ye don't know me, seein' that ye never set eyes on me before; but I'm wan o' the M'Cambridges, from beyont Lough Neagh, an' I've walked every foot o' the road to see you an' yours."

"Why, you don't mane to say that?" cried Jamie, his pale face lighting up. "You don't mane to say you're Shaun M'Cambridge's sisther Penny, own cousin to my father's second wife, that was to have stood for our Ailsie at her christenin', only she took a pain in her heel and couldn't stir from home? Faith, an' I might have knowed you by the fine hook o' your nose, always an' ever the sign o' the rale ould blood. Throth that same blood's thicker nor wather. Mary machree, it's Penny M'Cambridge, from Lough Neagh side!"

A great hand-shaking followed this speech, and then the visitor began to inquire for Ailsie, her goddaughter that was to have been, only for the unfortunate pain in the heel.

"Wait a bit, wait a bit," said the father; "she'll be in from the fair by-an'-by, an' then if ye don't give her the degree for han'somest girl and the best manager that ever stepped about a house, I'll give ye lave to go back to Lough Neagh an' spend the rest o' your days sarchin' for her aiquals."

"Whisht, Jamie," said the mother; "self praise is no praise, no more is praise o' yer own flesh an' blood. All the same, I wisht Ailsie was in to make cousin Penny the cup o' tay afther her thravels. She was to bring a grain o' the best green from Misther M'Shane's, in Portrush, as well as all the news from Castle Craigie, an' of the doin's of ould Lady Betty MacQuillan, more power to her!"

"Is that the ould lady that's come home from Ingia!" asked she who was called Penny M'Cambridge.

"Ay, ay," said the wife of Jamie, eagerly. "Ye've passed through Portrush, an' ye'll maybe have the foreway of Ailsie with the news. What are they saying in the town?"

"Well, ye see," said Penny, "bein' a sthranger, and spakin' to few, I heard but little. But they do say that her husband was the last of the MacQuillans of Castle Craigie, an' that as she has ne'er a child of her own, all the MacQuillans in the counthry are claimin' kin with her, an' fightin' among them about which 'll be her heir."

"An' is that all ye know, Penny dear?" said Mary. "Why, I have more nor that mysel'. Sure she's written round an' round to every MacQuillan o' them all, biddin' them to a grand house-warmin' on Wensday come eight days, when she'll settle it all, an' name who's to come afther her. An' though she's in London now, she'll be at Castle Craigie afore then to resave them. An' sich a resavin' as that'll be! Sich fixin' an' furbishin' as there is at the ould castle. They say there never was the likes o' it seen since the day Sir Archie MacQuillan brought home his fairy bride, an' then it wasn't painters an' bricklayers, but the 'good people' themselves that laid han's on the rooms."

"She must be a queer sort of a body," said Penny. "But I hope, Jamie, that *you*, as honest a man, an' as good a MacQuillan as ever a wan among them, I hope you haven't been shy of sendin' in your claim."

"There's richer nor us, and there's poorer, but we're not so mane yet as to go cravin' for what we're not likely to get. It's not to MacQuillans like us that Lady Betty has sent her invite."

All the three pair of eyes were now turned to the doorway, whose sunny space was obscured for a moment by as pretty a figure as any lover of fresh and pleasant sights could wish to see. This was a ripe-faced, dark-haired, country girl, with her coarse straw-bonnet tipped over her forehead to save her eyes from the sun, and her neat print gown tucked tidily up over her white petticoat.

"Come in, Ailsie!" cried Jamie, "come in an' see your cousin, Penny M'Cambridge, from Lough Neagh side, that was to have been your godmother, an' has come every fut o' the road from that to this to see what sort o' lass you've turned out."

"An' now you'll tell us the news, Ailsie," said Mary the mother. "What's doin' an' sayin' in Portrush about Lady Betty?"

"Oh throth, mother!" said Ailsie, tossing her head, "throth I'm sick, sore, an' tired, hearin' o' the quare old house she's pulled down on her back, poor body! Sich gregin' an' comparin' you never heard since the day you were born. The frien's o' wan MacQuillan, an' the frien's o' another, at it hard an' fast for which 'll have the best chance of comin' in for the ould lady's favor. An' sich preparations! Mrs. Quinn, the housekeeper, took me all through the castle to see the new grandeur; an' sich curtains, an' pictures, an' marble images, an' sich lookin'-glasses! feth, when I went to the dhrawn-room door, I thought I'd gone crazy, for half a dozen other Ailsies started up in the corners an' all over the walls, an' come to meet me with their baskets on their arms. 'It's an ill welcome for all this,' said I, 'an' if they hadn't put her an' pesthered her to it, she would never be for doin' the quare thing she's goin' to do on Wensday week night.' An' what do you think she *is* goin' to do, father?" said Ailsie, turning to Jamie, "but she's to have a big cake made, an' a ring in it, an' every MacQuillan at the feast gets a piece o' the cake, an' whoever finds the ring, as sure as he's there he's the wan to share Lady Betty's fortune, an' come afther her in Castle Craigie!"

Here Mary the mother began to groan and rock herself, and complain of the obstinacy of people who would not stretch out their hands for a piece of that lucky cake, when it might be theirs for the asking. Jamie was getting very red in the face, and crumpling his paper very fiercely, when Penny, who had been laughing, wiped her eyes, and taking her stick from the corner, shook hands with her kinsfolk, and trotted away down the lonan as she had come.

It was only a few evenings after this that Ailsie was sitting on the end of the kitchen-table, reading the newspaper to her father.

"N a—na," said Ailsie, stumbling at a word, "v i—vi, g a—ga— Och, my blessin' to the word, I can't make head or tail o't. Ye'll read it betther yersel', father; an' it's time I was goin' feedin' my hens, any how!"

"Ailsie," said Jamie, rubbing his spectacles, "I'm feared you're turnin' out a bad clark afther all the throuble Misther Devnish has taken wi' you. Ye'r gettin' a big woman, Ailsie, an' there's not a thing ye'r bad at but the clarkin'. Go off to school now this very evenin' an' give my respects to Hughie Devnish, an' tell him to tache you how to spell navigation afore you come back."

Ailsie colored, and her thick black lashes rested on her russet cheeks while she tucked up her gown and kneaded the wet meal for the hens with her gipsy hands. But as she left the house she looked back with a wicked little toss of her head.

"Then you an' Hughie Devnish may put it out o' yer heads that ye'll ever make a clark o' Ailsie," she said; "for if ye were to make a stew o' all the larnin'-books that ever cracked a schoolmasther's skull, an' feed her on nothin' but that for the next ten years, ye wouldn't have her wan bit the larnder in the hinder end!"

So saying she stepped out into the sun, and was busy feeding her hens under the shelter of the golden haycock, when she saw a servant in a showy livery coming riding up the lonan.

"Can you tell me where Miss MacQuillan lives about here, my good girl?" he asked, with a supercilious glance at Ailsie's wooden dish.

"No," said Ailsie, looking at him with her head thrown back. "That's Jamie MacQuillan's house"—pointing to the gable—"an' I'm his daughter Ailsie, but there's no Miss MacQuillan here; none nearer by this road nor Bally Scuffling."

"I beg your pardon, miss," said the man, with an altered manner, "but I believe this must be for you." And then he rode off, leaving her standing staring at a dainty pink note which she held by one corner between two mealy fingers. "Miss Ailsie MacQuillan," said the ink on the back of the narrow satin envelope.

"That's me!" said Ailsie with a gasp. "The rest o' them's all Lizabeths, an' Isabellas, an' Aramintys. An', as thrue as I'm a livin' girl, it's the Castle Craigie liveries yon fine fellow was dressed up so grand in, an' here's the Castle Craigie crest on this purty little seal."

It was a note of invitation to Lady Betty's ball, and, in spite of her bad "clarkin'," Ailsie was able to read it, spelling it out word after word, turning it back and forward and upside-down, and feeling sure all the time that somebody had played a trick on her by writing to Lady Betty in her name. She sat on a stone and made her reflections, with the sun all the while burning her cheeks and making them more and more unfit to appear in a ball-room.

"An' she thinks I'm some fine young lady in a low neck an' satin shoes, waitin' all ready to step into her ball-room an' make her a courtesy. Good luck to her! What 'd she say if she heard Ailsie's brogues hammerin' away on yon fine slippy floor o' hers?" And Ailsie, as she spoke, extended one little roughshod foot and looked at it critically. "Then thank you, Lady Betty, but I'm not goin' to make mysel' a 'ughin'-stock for the counthry yet!"

"Who came ridin' up the lonan a bit ago, Ailsie?" said the mother, when she went in with the note safely hidden in her pocket.

"Ridin' up the lonan is it?" said Ailsie.

"Ay, ay," said Mary, "I thought I heard a horse's fut on the road, but it be to been yer father snorin'."

"Me snorin'!" cried Jamie, starting and rubbing his eyes. "Ye'r dhramin' yersel', Mary. Ailsie, ye witch, are ye not gone to school yet?"

"Well, I'll go now, father," said Ailsie. "Maybe," she thought, "Hughie 'll tell me what to do with that letter afore I come back."

"What's your word, Ailsie MacQuillan?" asked the schoolmaster, taking her book with a severe and business-like air, as she entered the schoolroom.

"Invitation, Sir—navigation, I mane," said Ailsie, demurely, studying her folded hands.

The master looked at her sharply, and afterward frowned severely, when, on going the rounds of the desks, he found "Lady Betty MacQuillan," "Castle Craigie," and other foolish and meaningless words, scrawled profanely over the page which was to have been sacred to navigation alone. Ailsie was "kept in" for bad conduct, and locked up alone in the school after the other pupils had gone home. And there, when the schoolmaster came to release her, she was found plucking the roses that hung in at the window, and sticking them in the holes for the ink-bottles along the desks. A crumpled note lay open before her.

We should hardly have said the schoolmaster came in, for, though it was Hughie Devnish, he appeared in a new character. This punished girl was his wildest and least creditable pupil, and yet, when he walked up to her in her disgrace, he was trembling and blushing like his own youngest "scholar" coming up for a whipping. His eye caught the crumpled note, and he picked it up and read it.

"I guessed how 'twas," he said, "but you're surely not thinkin' of goin'?"

Now Ailsie had intended to ask his advice, but the mischief that was in her would come out.

"Why should I not go as well as another?" she asked, pettishly.

"Aroon, you know I would not like it," he said.

"An' that's a reason, feth?" said Ailsie, tossing her head, and beginning to pick a rose to pieces.

"Ailsie," said the young man, vehemently, "it was only the other day you told me here that you could like me betther than all the world, betther than Ned Mucklehern, for all his fine land and his presents o' butther an' crame; betther than Mehaffy, the miller, that gave you the fine speckled hen; betther than MacQuillan o' the Reek—"

"Bad manners to him!" stuck in Ailsie, angrily, flinging a shower of rose-leaves from her hand over the desks.

"You promised to be my wife, Ailsie."

"It all come o' keepin' me in for bad conduct," said Ailsie, swinging one foot with provoking unconcern.

"No matter what it came of," said Hughie, "you promised me. And you promised me as well that you wouldn't go thrustin' yourself among these people that would only laugh at you for your pains."

"I don't know why you should think I'd be laughed at," said Ailsie, "barrin' you're ashamed o' me!"

The schoolmaster's face blazed up, and with all his heart in his eyes he gazed at her where she sat with her ripe face half-turned from the sun coming through the lattice, and her dark head framed in the roses.

"Ashamed o' you, mavourneen?" he said, tenderly. "No; but there might be some there that I wouldn't like you to come across, an' you alone an' unprotected. MacQuillan o' the Reek—"

"I slapped his face wanst!" cried Ailsie, firing up again, "an' it's not likely he'll come axin' me to do 't again."

"And there 'll be others there," he went on, "that 'd fall in love wi' you, maybe, an' snatch you up from Hughie before he has enough earned to marry you out o' hand."

"An' what if they did?" said Ailsie, with wicked coolness.

"What if they did?" repeated Devnish, slowly, looking at her with a pained, appealing look, as if expecting her to retract the cruel words. "I tell you what it is, Ailsie," he broke out, passionately, drawing his left hand from its concealment, "I believe it's this that's workin' at the bottom o' all your coldness. You're tired already of a deformed lover. Go to Lady Betty's ball then, an' find a husband for yourself that you'll not be ashamed of. Go!"

Just as Ailsie was getting pale and the tears coming into her eyes, a little door opened, and the Widow Devnish came into the school-room and called Hughie to supper.

On the eventful night Ailsie was dressed out in a yellow silk skirt and cherry-colored bodice, with a fine pair of stockings of Mary's own knitting, with magnificent clocks up the sides. Ned Mucklehern, of the Windy Gap, was to take her to Castle Craigie in his new spring-cart.

At her command he set her down at a little distance from the entrance gates, out and in of which the carriages were rolling at such a rate as made poor Ailsie's heart thump against her side till it was like to burst through Pat the weaver's tabinet.

She arrived at the hall-door just in time to see a flock of young ladies in white robes float gracefully over the threshold, and the absurdity of her own costume came before her in its terrible reality. Covered with confusion she looked about to see if she could escape among the trees, and hide there till morning; but one of the grand servants had espied her, and under his eyes Ailsie scorned to beat a retreat.

"What is your business here, young woman?" asked this awful person, as she stepped into the glare of the hall lights.

"I am one of Lady Betty's guests," said Ailsie, lifting her head. But a horrible tittering greeted this announcement from a crowd of other servants, who were all eying her curiously from head to foot.

A servant at length conducted Ailsie to the ball-room. He opened the door wide, and Ailsie felt herself swallowed up in a blaze of light and color, with a hum in her ears as of a thousand bees all buzzing round her head at once. When she recovered from her first stunned sensation, and regained consciousness of her own identity, she found herself seated side by side with the five Miss MacQuillans from Bally Scuffling, all dressed in their grass-colored satin, all with their noses redder than ever, all eying her askance from her comb to her brogues, and tittering just as the servants had done in the hall.

A band was playing, and a crowd of people were dancing, but it seemed to Ailsie, whenever she looked up, that nobody had got any thing to do but to stare at her. When she saw the elegant slippers of the dancers she was afraid to stir lest the "hammerin'" of her feet should be heard all over the room; and when MacQuillan of the Reek came up to her, and, making a low bow, begged the honor of dancing with her, Ailsie's ears began to sing with confusion, and her teeth to chatter with fright. But as she did not know how to refuse, she got up and accompanied him to where there was an empty space on the floor. The band was playing a lively tune as a quadrille, and Ailsie, thinking any thing better than standing still, fell to dancing her familiar jig with energy. She had once slapped this gentleman's face for his impertinence, and she believed that he had now led her out to avenge himself by her confusion. So Ailsie danced her jig, and finding that the clatter of her brogues was drowned by the music, she gained courage and danced it with spirit, round and round her astonished partner, till the lookers-on cried "Brava!" and the laugh was turned against MacQuillan of the Reek, who was, after all, very glad when she made him her courtesy, and allowed him to take her back again to the Bally Scuffling maidens, who had not been dancing at all, and who held up their five fans before their five faces in disgust at Ailsie's performance.

A magic word, *supper*, acted like a charm on all there. The crowd thinned and disappeared, and nobody noticed Ailsie. Every gentleman had his own partner to attend to, and no one came near the little peasant girl. Ailsie was very glad, for she would rather endure hunger than be laughed at, and she was just beginning to nod asleep, when in came MacQuillan of the Reek, saying that Lady Betty had sent him to conduct her to the supper-room.

Lady Betty was sitting at the head of the most distant table, with a knife in her hand, and a huge cake before her. The more substantial eatables seemed to have been already discussed, for every guest had a slice of this cake on a plate before him or her. They were nibbling it, and mincing it up with knives. All were silent, and all looked anxious and dissatisfied. Ailsie thought the silence and the dissatisfaction was all on account of her audacious entrance.

"This way!" said Lady Betty MacQuillan, in a voice that made Ailsie start, and the august hostess cleared a place at her side for our blushing heroine. The wax-lights blazed on Lady Betty's golden turban, and Ailsie did not dare to look at her face. She sat down, and Lady Betty with her own hand helped her to a small cut of the wonderful cake. Ailsie was very hungry, and the cake was very good. She devoured a few morsels eagerly; then she ceased eating.

"Why don't you eat, child?" said Lady Betty, in a voice that again made Ailsie start; and this time she ventured to look up.

She looked up, and stared as if the clouds had opened above her head. There was a little withered yellow face, with twinkling black eyes, looking down on her—a face that she had seen before. It was Penny M'Cambridge, from Lough Neagh side, who was to have been her godmother only for the unfortunate pain in her heel, who was sitting there, dressed up in purple velvet and a cloth of gold turban. Oh, murther! What would be the end of this? Penny M'Cambridge befooling all the gentry folks of the country round, pretending to be the lady of Castle Craigie! Or, stay! Whether was Penny M'Cambridge acting Lady Betty MacQuillan, or had Lady Betty MacQuillan been acting Penny M'Cambridge?

"Why don't you eat, child?" repeated Lady Betty, as Ailsie sat turning her piece of cake about on her plate.

"I'm hungry enough," said Ailsie, "but I can not ate this, my lady, barrin' you want me to choke mysel'!"

And Ailsie held up her bit of cake in which was wedged the ring that declared her the heiress of Castle Craigie.

Well, I need not tell how after supper some of the guests who were spiteful ordered their carriages and whirled away in disgust; how others, who were not spiteful, staid and danced the morning in; how some, who were good-natured, congratulated Ailsie on her good luck; how others, who were quite the reverse, yet fawned on the bewildered heroine of the evening. How Ailsie was kept close by the wonderful Lady Betty all the rest of the time; how, in the end, she was conducted to a splendid bedchamber, where she was frightened out of her senses at the grandeur of the furniture, and could not get a wink of sleep for the softness of the stately bed.

The news was not long in traveling over the country, and next day, when a carriage dashed up to the foot of the lonan, Jamie and his wife thought they were prepared to receive their fortunate daughter with dignity. But when Ailsie walked in to them in a white pelisse and sandaled slippers, her bonnie dark eyes looking out at them from under the shade of a pink satin hat and feathers, this delusion of theirs was dispelled. Mary's exultation knew no bounds, and Jamie said, "Can this fine lady be my daughter?" nervously, and with tears in his eyes. And Ailsie sat on a chair in the middle of the floor she had swept so often, and cried, and pulled off her fine hat, and threw it to the furthest corner of the kitchen, vowing she would never

leave her father and mother to go and live with Lady Betty. And Lady Betty, who was present, was not a bit angry, although the beautiful hat was spoiled; but began telling how she would educate Ailsie, and take her to see the distant world, and how she would dress her like a princess, and marry her to some grand gentleman, who should either bear the name of MacQuillan, or adopt it.

Then Ailsie's heart seemed to break with one loud sob, and she rushed out of the cottage and down the lonan, bareheaded and weeping. Midway she stopped on the road, and, pulling off one of her pretty shoes, she flung it from her with all her might till it struck the trunk of a far tree growing on the hill that led to Hughie's.

"That's the slipper to you, for good luck, Hughie Devnish!" she said; "an' if ever I forget you to marry a fine gentleman, may the Lord turn my gran' gowns into rags again, an' the bit that I ate into sand in my mouth!"

So Ailsie said good-by to home. The next day Lady Betty and Miss MacQuillan departed from Castle Craigie for the Continent, where Lady Betty intended to give Ailsie a lady's education and accomplishments.

Four years passed away, and Jamie and Mary had grown accustomed to their improved circumstances, Lady Betty having proved as good as her word in bestowing on them all those benefits which she had enumerated when coaxing Ailsie away with her. Whether they were quite satisfied with the freak that fortune had played with them, they themselves knew best. When a neighbor went in to see them, Mary had always some grand talk about "my daughter, Miss MacQuillan;" but the Widow Devnish often shook her head, saying they were dull enough when nobody was by, and feared Ailsie had forgotten them.

Ailsie's education being finished, Lady Betty set her heart on an ambitious marriage for her favorite. She introduced her to society in Paris, and saw her making conquests right and left at the most fashionable watering-places on the Continent. Ailsie's sparkling eyes were enchantingly foiled by her diamonds, and proposals in plenty were laid at her feet. But Ailsie, though enjoying right merrily the homage so freely paid her, only laughed at the offers of marriage, as though it were quite impossible to regard them as any thing but so many very capital jokes. Lady Betty did not join in this view of the matter, but she had patience with her heiress for a considerable time, as Ailsie always mollified her displeasure by saying, on her refusal of each "good match," "I will marry a better man still, Lady Betty."

After four years, Lady Betty, who was a willful old lady, and whose patience was exhausted, quarreled with her about it, and before she recovered her temper she took ill and died, and Ailsie found herself one day sad and solitary in Paris, without the protection of her kind indulgent friend.

Tears would not mend the matter now, nor would they alter the will which Lady Betty had left behind her, the conditions of which were fair enough, said Ailsie's suitors, when the contents of the important document became known. One year had the impatient old lady given her chosen heiress, in the space of which time to become a wife. And if at the end of that year she was still found to be a spinster, not a penny had she, but might go back to the cottage at the top of the lonan, and take with her her father and mother to work for them as before, to milk her cows, and feed her hens, and persuade herself, if she liked, that her wit, and her diamonds, and her beauty, and her lovers, had all had their existence in a tantalizing dream, which had visited her between roosting-time in the evening and cock-crow of a churning morning. But, should she marry before the year was out, bestowing on her husband the name of MacQuillan, then would the shade of Lady Betty be appeased, and the Indian thousands and the Irish rentals, together with the old ancestral halls of Castle Craigie, would all belong to Ailsie and the fortunate possessor of her wealthy little hand.

Very fair conditions, said the suitors, and proposals poured in on Ailsie. But lo and behold! the flinty-hearted damsel proved as obstinate as ever; and, in the midst of wonderment and disappointment, having attained the age of twenty-one, and being altogether her own mistress, she wrote to her retainers at Castle Craigie to announce her arrival there upon a certain summer day. Great was the glory of Mary MacQuillan when she received a letter from her daughter, desiring that her father and mother should at once take up their abode at the castle, being there to receive her at her arrival. Great, indeed, was her triumph when Miss O'Trimmins sat making her a gown of brown velvet, and a lace cap with lappets, in which to meet her child, and when Jamie's blue coat with the bright gold buttons came home.

Ailsie brought a whole horde of foreigners with her, brilliant ladies of rank, who called her pet and darling in broken English—and needy marquises—and counts with slender means, who were nevertheless very magnificent persons, and still hoped to win the Irish charmer. Balls, plays, and sports of all kinds went on at the Castle, and those of the gentry-folks who, from curiosity, or a better feeling, came to visit Ailsie, found her in the midst of a roomful of glittering company, dressed in a blue satin sack and pearl ear-rings, with her hair coming into her eyes in very bewitching little tendril curls, and seated between Mary in the brown velvet and lappets, and Jamie in the new coat with the buttons. They went away saying she was wonderful indeed, considering, delightfully odd and pretty, and they wondered which of those flaunting foreigners she was going to marry in the end. Meantime the year was flying away, and old neighbors of her mother's began to shake their heads over the fire, of nights, and to say that if Ailsie did not take care she might be a penniless lass yet.

Things were in this position when, one fine morning, Miss MacQuillan, driving out with some of her grand friends, thought proper to stop at the door of Hughie Devnish's school-house. The schoolmaster turned red and then pale as he saw Ailsie's feathers coming nodding in to him through the doorway, followed by a brilliant party of grandees, and two footmen dragging a huge parcel of presents for his girls and boys. Ailsie coolly set her ladies and gentlemen unpacking the parcel and distributing its contents, while she questioned the schoolmaster upon many subjects with the air of a little duchess, whose humor it was to make inquiries, and who never, certainly, had seen that place, much less conversed with that person before.

Hughie endured her whim with proud patience, till, just before she left him, on opening his desk to restore a book to its place, she demanded to see a certain little dark thing which was peeping out from under some papers. Then, with evident annoyance, he produced a little black kid shoe. So the story runs.

"Why, it's only a slipper!" said Ailsie, turning it about and looking at it just as the Widow Devnish had detected Hughie in doing. "What an odd thing to keep a shoe in a desk! But it looked like the cover of a book. Good-morning!"

As the party drove off it is said that one of the gentlemen remarked that the schoolmaster was a fine-looking, intelligent fellow, fit for a better station than that which he filled. And it is further said that next day Ailsie made a present to this gentleman of a snuff-box worth a hundred guineas.

When Ailsie went to her room on her return home on this August afternoon, she walked over to a handsome gold casket which stood upon her table, unlocked it, and took out a little kid slipper which looked as if she must have stolen it out of Hughie's desk. In the sole of it was pinned a slip of paper, on which were scrawled, in a crude hand, the words:

"If ever I forget you, Hughie Devnish, to marry a fine gentleman, may the Lord turn my gran' gowns into Rags agen, and the bit that I ate into Sand in my mouth."

"And the Lord's goin' to do it very fast," said Ailsie, falling back into her old way of talking as she looked at this specimen of her old way of writing, "if I do not look to 't very soon, an' be keepin' my word! An' God knows, Hughie Devnish," she added, as she locked her box again with a sharp snap, "you're more of a gentleman any day the sun rises on you than ever poor Ailsie 'll be of a lady!"

One day the lady of the castle sent a message to her guests to say she was indisposed (Ailsie had picked up a few pretty words), from the heat, and must beg them to excuse her absence from among them for the rest of the day.

It was on this very evening that Hughie Devnish was walking up and down his school-room floor, musing, I am told, on the impossibility of his enduring in the future to have Ailsie coming into the school at any hour she pleased, to play the mischief with his feelings, and the lady patroness among his boys and girls. He had just come to the point of resolving to give up his labors here, and to go off to seek his fortune in America, when click! went the latch of the door, and (of course, thinks he, it must be a dream) in walked Ailsie. Not the Lady Bountiful of the morning, in satin gown and nodding feathers, but the veritable old Ailsie of four years ago, in the same old garb—cotton dress, brogues, straw-bonnet tipped over her nose, and all (where on earth did she get them?) in which she had tripped in to him on that other August evening, of which this was the anniversary, when she had shown him her invitation to Lady Betty's ball.

Now the gloaming was just putting out the glare of the sunset behind the latticed windows, and when Hughie had pinched himself and found that he was not dreaming at all he next became very sure that he had gone out of his senses with trouble, and that he was looking at an object conjured up before his eyes by his own diseased imagination. However, the apparition looked very substantial as it approached, and sitting down on the end of one of the forms it displayed a paper which it unfolded in its hands—hands that were white instead of brown, making the only difference between this and the old Ailsie.

"I've got a letther here, Misther Devnish," said Ailsie's old voice, speaking with Ailsie's old brogue, and in the sly, mischievous tone that Hughie remembered well: "an', if ye plase, I want ye to answer it for me. I'm a bad clark mysel', ye know."

Not knowing what to say to her he took the letter out of her hand and glanced over it. It was a proposal of marriage from Ailsie's old tormentor, MacQuillan of the Reek.

The schoolmaster was trembling, you may believe, with many confused ideas and sensations when he folded the letter and returned it; but he inked his pen manfully, and produced a sheet of paper, then sat waiting with much patience for his visitor's dictation. But Ailsie sat quiet with her eyes upon the floor, and so there was a cruel pause.

"Well," says Hughie at last, with a bewitched feeling, as if he were addressing only his pupil of old days, "what am I to say in the answer?"

"Feth I don't know," says Ailsie.

"But what reply do you mean to give?" asked Hughie, striving, we are assured, to command himself. "Am I to say yes or no in the letter?"

"I tell ye I don't know, Hughie Devnish," said Ailsie, crossly. "I gave a promise to another, an' he never has freed me from it yet. I b'lieve ye'll know best what to put in the letther yersel'."

"Ailsie!" cried Hughie, rising to his feet, "did you come here for nothing but to dhrive me mad? Or, avourneen, is it possible you would marry me yet?"

"Feth it is, Hughie," said Ailsie.

And after the letter was written they went in and had tea with the Widow Devnish.

The next morning Miss MacQuillan appeared among her guests as if nothing had happened, but before night a whisper flew from ear to ear that the heiress was engaged, while the lady herself did not contradict the report. Every man looked darkly at his neighbor, and "Who is he?" was the question on every lip. At last, "It is not I," said one noble drone, and flew off to seek honey elsewhere; and "It is not I," said the others, one by one, and followed his example; and by-and-by Ailsie was left peacefully in possession of her castle; whereupon there was a quiet wedding, at which Mary, Jamie, and the Widow Devnish were the only guests.

A nine days' wonder expires on the tenth, and after a few years Hugh Devnish MacQuillan, Esq., was looked upon as no despicable person by many who thought it their duty to sneer on his wedding-day.

THE HAUNTING PAST.

HE came to-day. He brought his bride;
And through the wood they went with me:
We passed our ancient trysting tree;
I saw him turn his head aside,

And wondered if his glance would fall
On letters carved by him of yore,
In days that he regrets no more—
That I with burning thoughts recall.

The golden Past, that haunts me yet,
Whose faded glory seems to him
Like twilight distance, cold and dim—
Oh, strange it is how men forget!

Yet through those hours my will was strong
To school my heart to stifle pain—
I could not act that farce again!
But night came, though the day was long.

Night came; they went. His farewell tone
Rings in my ear. 'Twill be the last!
My heart's fierce ordeal is past;
Beneath the stars I stand alone.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

GREATNESS OF MIND.—The President d'Al—— was arrested at Aix during the reign of Robespierre. Upon being interrogated about the concealment of a hundred thousand crowns, which had been buried by his wife, he was discharged; but a confidential servant was taken up and confined, it being proved that he was privy to the transaction. Every possible mode was tried to prevail upon him to discover the place where this treasure was deposited, and he was repeatedly offered his life on this condition. The President himself repaired to the prison, released him from the oath of secrecy which he had taken, and commanded him to disclose the particulars of the transaction. The faithful domestic, however, replied as follows: "When I was intrusted with the secret both your wife and myself knew beforehand that it would be improper to confide it to you, and my firmness will hereafter prove beneficial to your children." Having said this he walked forward to the scaffold, prepared for the occasion, and was instantly executed.

INTERESTING DISCOVERY AT POMPEII.—Abundant details have been received from Naples respecting the freshly uncovered Temple of Juno among the recent excavations at Pompeii. Three hundred skeletons were found crowded within that sanctuary, a propitiatory sacrifice being evidently held in the hour they were overwhelmed. The statue of the goddess, with attendant peacock, the tripod in front of the altar, the golden censer, the jewels on the person of the priestess, the rich vessels holding a deposit of animal blood, are the main particulars dwelt on, no chapter in that awful story being more instructive or interesting. The eyes of Juno were of the most vivid enamel, her arms and her whole person richly decorated with gold trinkets, her gaudy bird resplendent with a cluster of glittering gems. Aromatic ingredients lay calcined within the censer, while gorgeous lamps and bronze ornaments strewed the tesselated pavement.

THE famous rose-tree planted a thousand years ago by the Emperor Louis le Débonnaire, in the eastern choir of the cathedral at Hildersheim, has been in particularly fine bloom this season, and looks fresher and greener than ever. Two shoots, which sprang up from the knotty millennial roots of the tree in 1863, have attained already the height of the roof.

SINGULAR RESEMBLANCE.—It is no new thing to say that twins have been known to be actuated by the same impulses, tastes, and desires, but it is a rare thing to hear this averred on oath. A case of the kind, however, occurred in a French Court of Justice quite recently. Four children, Arthur Persico, aged eleven, Prosper Marteau, aged thirteen, and two twin brothers, aged eleven years and six months, were placed before the magistrate for stealing sundry articles from the stalls on which they were exhibited. Their parents, as is customary in France, were summoned before the tribunal, as civilly responsible. The whole of them confessed to their offenses, and their parents, all of them honest workpeople, begged the magistrate to give them up to them, and not to send them to a house of correction. The mother of the twins made the following curious statement concerning them: "My two children are twins, and, strange to say, whatever one does the other does also; they have the same tastes, the same habits, the same thoughts, good or bad; they are not vicious, but when one runs away from home the other follows him. Since last January we have kept them shut up indoors like slaves to keep them from running about the streets, and getting into mischief. My husband had decided on sending them to sea, for we had found out that they had robbed us of some small coins which happened to be left about, but we had no idea that they had committed thefts out of doors. We sent them to the national schools, but we know now they have not been there for several months; a boy named Persico corrupted one of them, and the other followed, as a matter of course." "You say," said the magistrate, "that your children are twins, and have the same character and the same tastes?" "Yes, Sir; and there is a singular resemblance in their actions, thoughts, and desires. Thus when one drinks, the other, who may be in another room, drinks also. Under the same conditions, if one puts a finger in his mouth the other does likewise. If at any time one should happen to run away from his home there is no difficulty in finding him, for the father has only to take hold of the other, and he will lead him direct to the place where the runaway may chance to be."

THE ROMANCE OF WAR.—A French soldier who accompanied the armies of Russia concealed a small treasure at the entrance of a village near Wilna, with the view of taking it with him on his return. After the defeat of Moscow he was made a prisoner, and sent to Siberia, and only recovered his liberty a few years before his death. On reaching Wilna he remembered his hidden treasure, and after tracing out the spot where he had hid it he went to take it away. What was his astonishment to find, in the place of his money, a small tin box containing a letter addressed to him, in which a commercial house was mentioned at Nanze, where he might receive the sum buried, with interest, since the year 1812. The soldier supposed this was all a hoax. He went, however, to the house pointed out, where he received his capital, with twelve years' interest. With this sum he established a small business at Nanze, which enabled him to live comfortably; but he was never able, though he has taken some pains, to ascertain how his money was taken away and restored to him.

MISERIES OF A RICH MAN.—Who is dogged in the streets and knocked down at midnight?—The rich man. Whose house is broken into at midnight?—The rich man's. Who has his pockets cut out and his coat spoiled in a crowd?—The rich man. Who is in doubt whether the people are laughing at him in their sleeves when they are eating his dinner?—The rich man. Who adds to his trouble by every story which he adds to his house?—The rich man; for the higher he ascends the colder is the atmosphere. A bank breaks, and who suffers?—The rich stockholder and depositor. War blows his horn, and who trembles? Death approaches, and who fears to look him in the face?—Why, the rich man; and yet all the world envies the rich. Depend upon it, the length of your face will always be proportioned to the length of your purse. If you live in a two-story house be thankful, and not covet the loftier mansion of your neighbor. You but dishonor yourself and insult your destiny by fretting and repining.

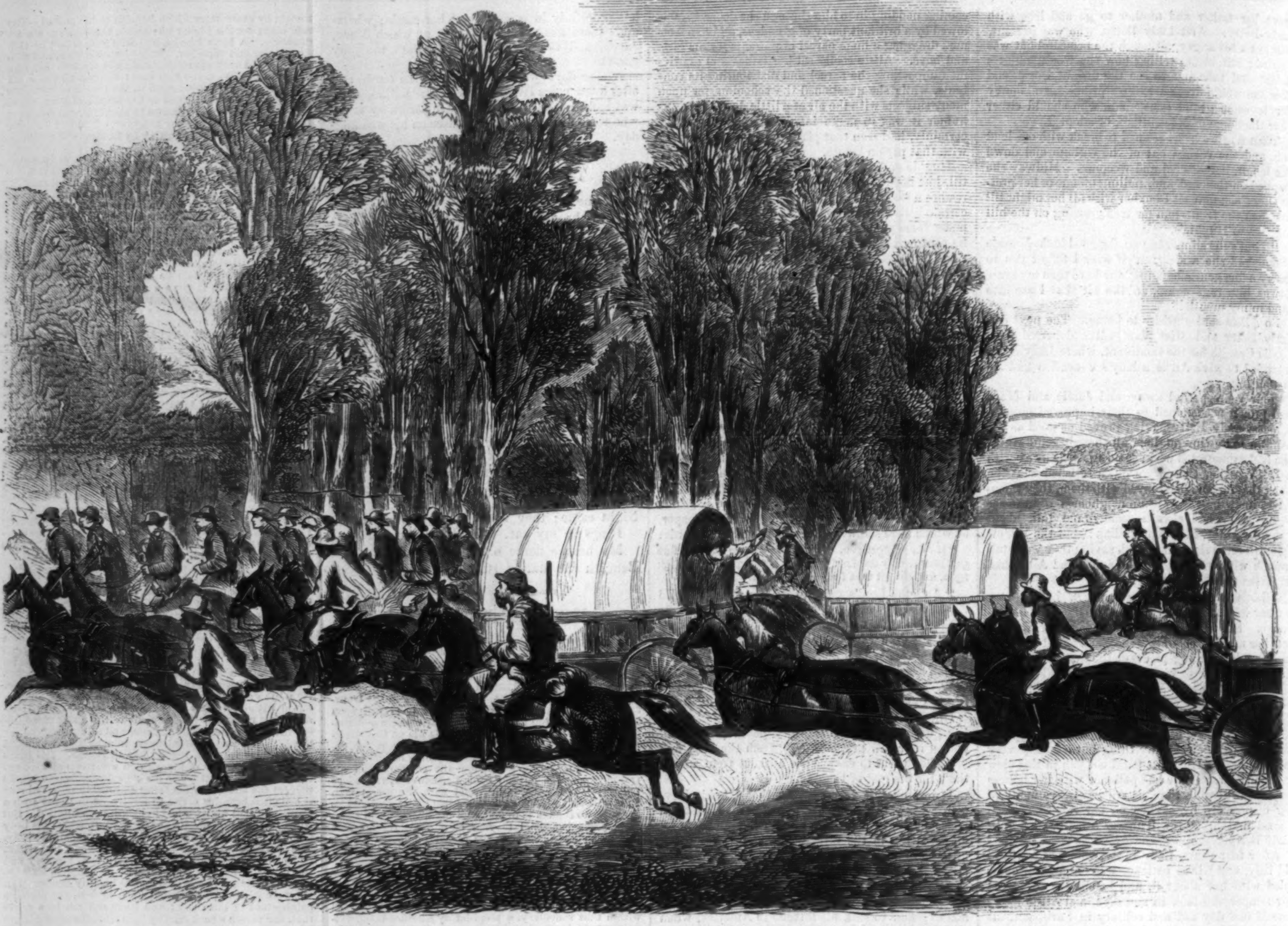
ONE Misaurus wrote a strange little book in Honor of the Gout, with the avowed object of proving that it was a blessing for which mankind could not be thankful enough. He sets about his difficult task so heartily that it is somewhat difficult to guess whether he is serious or satirical; and the reader is in doubt whether he should laugh at or with him. After vindicating the antiquity of his subject, as something younger than the fall of Adam, sent down from heaven mercifully to lengthen the life forfeited by man's transgression, our author proceeds to give six good reasons why gout should be ranked among the blessings of earth. Firstly, it gives a man pain without danger. Secondly, it is no constant companion, but allows its friends lucid intervals, in which they experience a delicious enjoyment of health, unknown to those who pass through life without an ailment. Thirdly, it is a perpetual weather-guide, ever ready for use, in comparison with which your barometers and thermometers are worthless instruments; and our gout-defender predicts that, if its signs are properly studied, the time would come when no ship-owner would consider his vessel safe unless commanded by a gouty captain. Fourthly and fifthly, gouty people are unplagued with headaches, and invulnerable to fever; and lastly, gout is incurable. P. M. does not go so far as to assert that gout will render its possessors actually immortal, although it often keeps a man alive till all his friends are weary of him; but he maintains that if Paracelsus had the power of making men proof against the shafts of death his secret consisted in inoculating them with gout. As to the objection, that gouty people do die, he answers that they do so because they are ignorant fools, who do not know when they are well off, but must needs be curing the gout, and therefore deal with Death's factor, the physician. "Let every one bear his own burden; the gout has nothing to do with the carnage of the doctor."

DEATH BY LIGHTNING.—The effects of a shock of artificial lightning on a gentleman of our acquaintance, who is very sensitive to the electric discharge, may be here described. Under ordinary circumstances the discharge from a small Leyden jar is exceedingly unpleasant to him. Some time ago he happened to stand in the presence of a numerous audience with a battery of fifteen large Leyden jars charged beside him. Through some awkwardness on his part he touched a wire which he had no right to touch and the discharge of the battery went through his body. Here life was absolutely blotted out for a very sensible interval without a trace of pain. In a second or two consciousness returned: the recipient of the shock saw himself in the presence of his audience and apparatus, and, by the help of these external facts, immediately concluded that he had received the battery discharge. His intellectual consciousness of his position was restored with exceeding rapidity, but not so his optical consciousness. To prevent the audience from being alarmed he observed that it had often been his desire to receive accidentally such a shock, and that his wish had at length been fulfilled. But while making this remark the appearance which his body presented to him was that of a number of separate pieces. The arms, for example, were detached from the trunk, and seemed suspended in the air. In fact, memory and the power of reasoning appeared to be complete long before the optic nerve was restored to healthy action. But what we wish chiefly to dwell upon here is, the absolute painlessness of the shock; and there can not be a doubt that, to a person struck dead by lightning, the passage from life to death occurs without consciousness being in the least degree implicated. It is an abrupt stoppage of sensation unaccompanied by a pang.

IN 1654 a trial took place in Connecticut, under the section of the blue laws prohibiting kissing. The offenders were Sarah Tuttle and Jacob Newton. It appears that Sarah dropped her gloves and Jacob found them. When Sarah asked for them Jacob demanded a kiss for his pay, and as the demand did not seem extravagant she adjusted it forthwith. The facts were clearly proved, and the parties were each fined twenty shillings.

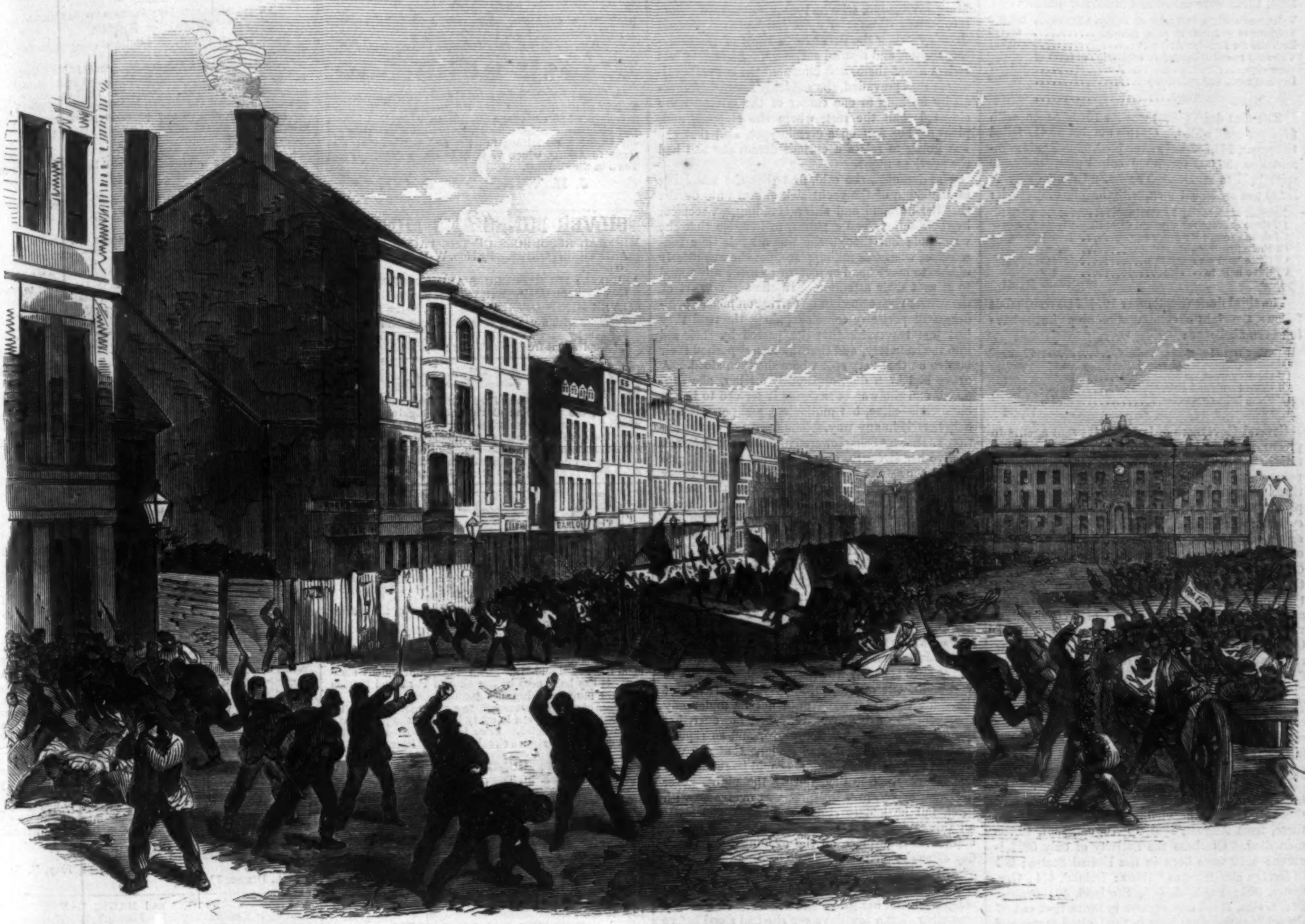
"PILES" are lost in California in other ways besides the gambling-table. A very singular affair occurred in connection with the "pile of one of ours." It was the end of the mining season, and we had all pretty heavy purses. Now, as there are no banks or other places to deposit gold-dust safely at the mines, it was usual, when one's purse got too heavy to be carried readily on the person, to "cache" or hide it, only reserving a small quantity of dust wherewith to pay current expenses. This will explain what now occurred. Our Irish comrade had gone into the city to purchase provisions, and during his absence we moved our tent to a more eligible spot about a hundred yards away. Comfortably installed on our new camping-ground, we were sitting round our camp-fire in the evening, discussing our suppers, when our comrade made his appearance. Catching sight of our camp-fire, he uttered a loud exclamation, and then, like one demented, seized hold of a spade and scattered the embers of our fire right and left, to the utter detriment of the contents of our coffee-pot and frying-pan. "The man's drunk or mad!" we shouted. Not he; with a few hasty strokes of his spade he quickly disinterred—what do you suppose? *His bag of gold dust!* In a word, by one of the most extraordinary coincidences I have ever heard or read of, we had, of course unknowingly, lighted our camp-fire exactly over the "cache" where he kept four hundred pounds' worth of gold. Something similar, but more wonderful, befell another miner's "pile." It consisted of one hundred Spanish doubloons. Finding that the weight of his treasure greatly embarrassed his efforts when working his claim, the owner determined to "cache" it. Now this miner was a very clever man, surprisingly so; and he concerted a plan to hide his doubloons that said a great deal for his cleverness. Borrowing an auger, he proceeded into the neighboring wood one evening, and, selecting a tree, he first of all carefully detached a small piece of bark about the size of a crown piece from the trunk, and then commenced to bore a hole. Into this hole, which they fitted to a nicety, he thrust his doubloons, and over them he replaced the bit of bark. So neatly was the whole operation performed that the most prying eye could not detect the fracture. Glowing all over with pride, the clever one went home convinced that a "cache" so original and so entirely safe none but he could have invented. It was safe, very; in fact so safe that, when he went to admire it the next day, *he couldn't find it himself;* nor the next day, nor the next. In fine, this clever man at last gave up looking for it in despair. Weeks passed away; and now comes the climax of the story, sounding, I must confess, a *leetle* apocryphal. The unfortunate miner was sitting one evening by his camp-fire brooding over his misfortunes, when he perceived that the fire wanted replenishing. Going to the wood-heap near at hand, he selected a log, and was just about to throw it into the blaze, when a peculiar appearance about it startled him. With a wild cry and a hurried examination he clasped it to his heart. It was the piece of the tree in which was concealed his long-lost treasure.

SADNESS AND LITERATURE.—One of the anomalies of literary history is, that it has often been the lot of those men who have contributed largely to the mirth or recreation of others to endure a more than ordinary share of misery and want in their own lives. The most entertaining portions of literature have been written by men whose hearts have been bowed down by sorrow, and at moments when that sorrow has been heaviest. It was in the gloom of a mother's death, deepened by his own poverty, that Johnson penned the charming tale of "Rasselas;" it was in the chill desolation of a bare and fireless garret that poor Goldsmith, the vagrant of literature, sketched the brightest pictures of domestic happiness the world has ever had; it was from a sick bed, in sore distress, and in a necessitous exile, that Tom Hood shook all England with laughter. The enchantment of Scott, the satire of Jerrold, half the gems of English wit and humor have been thrown out by genius in its most sorrowful moments.



THE FLIGHT OF JEFF DAVIS—A SUDDEN ALARM AND STAMPEDE.—Sketched on the Spot by an English Artist.—[See Page 518.]

JEFF DAVIS BIDDING FAREWELL TO HIS ESCORT TWO DAYS BEFORE HIS CAPTURE.—Sketched on the Spot by an English Artist.—[See Page 518.]



THE ENGLISH ELECTIONS—THE RIOT IN THE GREAT MARKET-PLACE AT NOTTINGHAM.—[See Page 514.]

THE ENGLISH ELECTIONS—NOMINATION OF CANDIDATES FOR WESTMINSTER.—[See Page 514.]

ARMY STATISTICS.

The Report of the Secretary of War for the year 1864, which has been recently made public, presents some valuable statistics relating to the composition of the army. During the year ending November 1, 1864, there were raised and mustered into service:

Volunteers (white and colored) in loyal States	402,698
Volunteers (colored) in rebel States	22,143
Recruits for Regular Army	13,871
Veterans re-enlisting before expiration of term of service	136,507
Drafted men, and substitutes	75,550
Total	650,769

The first draft (1863) was for 194,962 men, with fifty per cent. added. Of this number 39,417 failed to appear, 164,887 were exempted, 52,287 paid commutation, 26,002 furnished substitutes, and 9848 were held to service. The second draft (May 1, 1864) was for 50,367 men, with the following result:

Number reported and examined		85,861
Of these exempt for physical disability	21,446	
Of these exempt for other causes	19,648	
Of these furnished substitutes	8,903	
Of these paid commutation	32,446	
Of these held to service	3,418	
		85,861

The third draft (September 19, 1864,) resulted as follows, the right of commutation by payment having been abolished:

Number reported and examined		72,432
Of these exempt for physical disability	20,332	
Of these exempt for other causes	19,697	
Of these furnished substitutes	13,345	
Of these held to service	19,058	
		72,432

Several Governors of loyal States sent agents to procure recruits in the rebel States, with very unsatisfactory results. In all, 1145 agents were appointed, and they secured 2831 recruits—not quite three recruits for one agent. The total amount paid for commutations up to the time when the system was abolished was $25,584,000. It will be seen that of our whole army of a million of men only 75,000—about one in thirteen—were drafted or substitutes, and these probably weakened rather than strengthened the army. Considerably more than nine-tenths of the numerical, and the entire actual, force of the army of the Union consisted of volunteers. The colored soldiers, on the 20th of October, 1864, numbered 101,950 men of all arms; and they had previously lost by battle, diseases, and desertions 33,139 men. Three weeks later (Nov. 7, 1864) it is stated in the Report that General Thomas had organized on the Mississippi 56,320 colored troops; and it is added that "the number of soldiers would have been larger but for the pressing need for the negroes in the quarter-master and commissary departments." The Report only enables us to guess at the nativity of the troops. The best data is found in the statement of the deaths at the hospitals in the vicinity of Washington. In these, from August, 1861, to August, 1864, 12,708 men died. Of these the nativity of only 5871 is given: 4910 were born in the United States; 961 in foreign countries, as follows: Ireland, 444; Germany, 306; England, 142, Scotland, 40; France, 22; Wales, 7. These figures indicate that out of six soldiers five were born in the United States and one abroad.

The Report presents some vital statistics which could be gathered in no other way. Thus, in the first draft, 314 out of every 1000 were rejected for physical or mental disability; in the second draft, 257 out of every 1000. In France, Great Britain, and Belgium the exemptions from these causes range from 314 to 320 in the 1000, showing a striking uniformity throughout the civilized world. In some States a record was kept of the height and chest-measure of recruits, substitutes, and drafted men. The following is the result, the measurements being given in inches and decimals of inches:

	Height.	Chest.
New Hampshire	65.73	34.62
Vermont	67.72	36.50
Massachusetts	66.74	34.83
New York	65.50	35.30
New Jersey	66.86	34.37
Pennsylvania	67.08	34.92
Delaware	60.05	35.00
Maryland	65.93	35.42
Minnesota	65.56	36.10
Kentucky	67.02	33.58
Ohio	66.64	35.79
Michigan	68.00	36.00

The average height was a trifle under 5 feet 6½ inches. The men from Michigan were the tallest, averaging 5 feet 8 inches: those from Vermont came next, averaging half an inch less. The men from Vermont had the fullest chests, followed closely by those from Minnesota and Michigan. It is noticeable that while the men from Kentucky were considerably above the average height their chests were narrowest of all.

A TRUE STORY.

My two cousins, Charles and Frank Livingston, twenty years ago fell in love with two sisters, whose names were Mary and Florence Arden. As the progress of their love affairs has not much to do with the gist of my story, it is enough for me to say that every thing went on very satisfactorily, and that in due course, and on the same day, Mary and Florence became the wives of my two cousins, Charles and Frank respectively. Mary was the eldest sister, though at the time of their marriage she was barely nineteen, and to my mind the most taking and lovable of the two. Of course Frank thought differently, and perhaps it was as well he did so.

The marriages happened in the spring of the year, and in the following autumn, much to the delight of the two brides, it was determined that a yacht should be chartered for a few months, and the winter spent in cruising about from place to place. Their ideas chiefly pointed toward the Mediterranean, as they one and all had a great desire to visit Malta and Gibraltar, and moreover, if possible, to land in Africa; the latter, I believe, merely that they might have the satisfaction of saying that they had once been there. Gibraltar was to be the first place on the list, and accordingly, after experiencing a rather rough voyage, which tested their capabilities as sailors to a considerable extent, they found themselves anchored off that huge rock. They saw all that was to be seen in the shape of the fortifications, etc., and among other places that they were taken to visit was the burying-ground set apart for strangers who were not Roman Catholics. Mary Livingston, who had been, so they afterward recollected, silent and apparently preoccupied all that day, when she first caught sight of the cemetery started, and seemed surprised. After they had looked about them, and lamented the general untidiness that prevailed, she suddenly astonished them all by walking to one corner of the ground more elevated than the rest, where she stopped, and, planting her foot on a certain spot, said that she was going to relate a curious dream she had had the previous night.

She dreamed, she said, first that she was lying in the cabin of the yacht sick almost unto death; that her husband and sister, standing by, seemed, by their actions and gestures, to imagine that she was dead; but though she was all this time conscious of what was taking place, yet she was utterly unable to move hand or foot, or to make any sound to attract their attention. In the second part of her dream she seemed to be carried on men's shoulders, still perfectly conscious, along the road they had just traversed, that she passed by their aid into the cemetery, and that the men deposited their burden on that very spot where she then stood. A grave had been dug, apparently for her, she supposed, and she was buried—so it seemed to her in her dream—alive, but motionless, and powerless to help herself in any way. The horror of her situation, as she was being lowered into the earth, seemed to give her strength, and in the act of striving to cry out she awoke. What seemed so curious to her was that, though she had never seen the burial-ground before, or the road that led to it, yet, when she came to visit them the day after the dream, she found that the reality was exactly like the dream.

Her husband and her friends laughed at Mary for her evident belief in her dream, and ascribed the whole circumstance to indigestion. They did not, however, stay much longer in the cemetery, but returned to the yacht.

Two days afterward, and on the evening before that on which they had purposed leaving Gibraltar, Mary Livingston was suddenly taken ill. A doctor was at once sent for, who pronounced her attack to be a slight one of cholera, assuring her friends at the same time that they need not be under any apprehension of danger. Next day, however, her symptoms changed for the worse, and so rapidly that before evening it was evident that she was sinking fast, and that no hopes could be retained of her recovery. She died during the night. Her husband, as you may imagine, was overcome with grief, but he had to stifle his feelings, and settle all things connected with her funeral, which was obliged to take place on the evening of the very day after she died.

All, as I was told afterward, happened according to that dream of hers; she was carried along that steep road, and her grave had been dug on the very spot where but a few days ago she had stood before them full of life and beauty. But strange to say, and almost incredible, neither her husband nor her sister remembered the circumstance of her relating her dream to them; and it was not till some six or seven months afterward that one evening, in the twilight of their Yorkshire home, the memory of the stroll through the burial-ground, and the event connected with it, flashed across the mind of the widowed husband. Remorse at the thought of its being now all too late was his first feeling, and then an irrepressible desire seized him—a longing to see if his darling's dream had come true, and if she had, in reality, been buried alive. As fast as it was possible for him to do so he hurried to Gibraltar; it was with some difficulty that he obtained permission to have the grave opened, and when he had succeeded he found that his worst fears had been realized. There was no doubt left in his mind that his wife had recovered consciousness after she had been supposed by all to be dead, for the body was turned partly on one side, as if with the effort of trying to free itself from the icy grasp of the tomb. From the date of that discovery he has never ceased to reproach himself for being in some part the cause of her death; but he has never ceased to wonder how it was that the recollection of that dream of hers passed so quickly from his mind, and was not revived till so long afterward.

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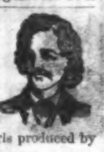

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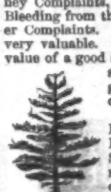
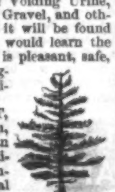

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